

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF
AMERICAN LIFE
IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

VOLUME 97 NO. 15



PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY
\$2.50 A YEAR
7 CENTS A COPY

APRIL 12, 1923

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY PERRY MASON COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.



Chapter Eight E Pluribus Unum

ON Friday Jimmy brought his worn old basket-ball uniform to school. He had had no difficulty in inducing York, a quiet English boy with whom he had formed a casual friendship, to join the All Americans. The team unanimously elected Jimmy captain, not so much out of compliment as because he was the only one who was willing to take the responsibility for the team's failing—and even he was not willing.

But once in the dressing room, getting into his athletic togs for the first time since elementary school days, Jimmy felt like a colt in springtime. Oh, the good smell of witch-hazel and warm showers! The feel of young muscles eager for play! The sight of school and class colors on athletic shirts, banners to play for! Mr. Bryant had got five red AA's and had had them stitched on the shirts of Jimmy's team. Jimmy, who was the tallest boy, played centre; Goldman and Coogan were forwards, and York and Ginelli were guards. Against them the freshman team—Bannister at centre, Collier and Gordon, forwards, Marks and Dayton, guards—were, as Mr. Bryant had suggested, not so good individually as Jimmy's. But—

The game that afternoon taught the All Americans the weakness both of Jimmy's plan and of a team made up merely of good individual players. With the exception of York, whose instinct was for team play, and Jimmy, who like a good captain saw his team as a whole, the players proved to be good soloists when orchestra work was needed. Determined "to show" the others, Goldman, Coogan and Ginelli tried each to play the whole game himself. Once any of the trio got the ball the rest of the team might as well have sat down to rest. Goldman made several brilliant dribbles and two clever goals; Ginelli shot several goals from seemingly impossible places; and Coogan, who, once in uniform, forgot everything but the joy of contest, somehow fought, dodged and tricked his way through the other team to a number of goals all by himself.

But that several heads are better than one is true in basket ball as well



Mr. Bryant read the word "charity" in the boy's unfinished protest

WORKING THROUGH AT LINCOLN HIGH

By Joseph Gollomb

as in council. The freshmen were a team! When the ball was theirs five men played it to the All Americans' basket. And, though the galleries applauded Ginelli, Goldman and Coogan more often than they applauded any individual on the freshman team, at the end of the game the score was: Freshman, 22, All Americans, 16.

It was a dispirited quintet that parboiled and dried and dressed itself in the locker room. Soon it became a quarreling one.

"Well, I got three goals!" Coogan bragged. "And made three fouls," taunted Goldman. "A present of two points to the freshmen. My two goals straight are every bit as much to the good as your lucky shots and—"

"I made as much as you fellows!" Ginelli protested. "You hogged the ball every time you got it—"

"Oh, we're all wonders!" Jimmy interrupted them impatiently. "The only thing the matter with us is that we're a rotten team. That's all!"

"Well, who's captain?" demanded Goldman. "Who thought up this bright idea?"

"I'm captain!" Jimmy retorted. "And if

you fellows have a cent's worth of pride, the whole gang of you, you'll stick as a team till we've licked the freshmen!"

He glared challenge and contempt at his brilliant but defeated team mates. Each of them knew that individually they were better players than the freshmen. Each now smarted under the wound of defeat. Jimmy's taunting challenge was like salt in it.

"Sure we'll lick 'em if Coogan and Goldman stop hogging the ball!" Ginelli, emotionally the most responsive, rose to Jimmy's challenge.

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," said Jimmy, glaring at Ginelli. "I say, Collier!" The captain of the freshman team, who was passing, stopped at Jimmy's hail. "If you fellows give us a return game, we promise to make it interesting," Jimmy challenged him.

"Any time you say," Collier replied and smiled.

"You're on!" Even as Jimmy clinched the challenge he realized with a sinking heart what he had done to himself. The challenge meant more hard work, frequent practice,



an exhausted body and mind at night when he should have to do his lessons, and failure in his school work, which he had grimly determined to conquer. "Just a minute, Collier!" he stammered. At the sudden change in his tone, the retreat that sounded in it, his own team stared at him. Jimmy read the astonishment in their eyes and guessed the scorn that would follow, and, plucky though he was, was not plucky enough to listen to what they would say of him. "I just want to ask two weeks' time," he said lamely to Collier.

"It's a date," the freshman replied. "Two weeks from today!"

In the fortnight that followed Jimmy grew lean and tense of nerve. Three times a week he and his team practiced. Had anyone told him—as Mr. Bryant, who closely watched his methods, was tempted to tell him—that in his problems and troubles with his team he was like a mother trying to bring up a family of bright but spoiled youngsters, he would not have understood. Nevertheless it was true.

Jimmy did not have to study the defects of his individual players. Their defects stuck out like horns. Coogan thought of the game as if it were "a scrap." He was gallant in attack but rough in tactics and caused a disastrous number of fouls to be called on him. Goldman's brain was keen and swift, and intelligence marked every move, but he was prone to win by tricks about which he did not take his team mates into his confidence, and that often depended for their success on the umpire's not seeing them. Ginelli was temperamental; when things were going well he was inspired; when luck went against him he was broken-hearted and gave up. He veered round in spirals like a weather vane in a storm. Even little York had his faults along with his solid virtues of dogged pluck and dependability. He was slow and deliberate. He had a quiet confidence in his own ability that was often disproved but never jolted out of him; and he seemed to be under the delusion that it would be "bad form" for defeat to visit him.

Patiently—at least in outwardly show—Jimmy tried to reduce each

boy's faults and to increase his virtues. He kept count of the number of fouls that Coogan would have called down on his team for slugging. He worked on what was strongest in Coogan, his love of a good fight. "Coogie, you're too stupid to know when you're licked. That's just what we need on the team. When the freshmen were six points ahead Ginelli died, Goldman lost heart, I felt pretty sick myself, and York looked as if somebody had insulted him. Only you didn't have brains to know we were in bad, and you kept on scrapping till we worked up! Great! Keep it up! But, say, when you and I had it out behind the car barns, why didn't you kick me in the stomach and win?"

"What d'ye take me for? I fight fair."

"Well, slugging and roughing in basket ball aren't fair either."

With Goldman he reasoned. "You've got brains, Goldy." Jimmy's sincerity made Goldman color. "But you use 'em up in tricks and then have to think twice as hard to get away with them. Why don't you put all of it into straight basket ball? Believe me, there's room for it. Tell me how I can keep Ginelli from acting like a crazy jumping jack in the game. When we make a point he is way up. That's fine. But as soon as we drop a point he dies on us. What'll we do about it?"

Goldman reflected, stimulated by the compliment. "When I was a kid and made mad faces," he said thoughtfully, "my mother used to stick a looking-glass in front of me. I saw myself looking so funny that I felt foolish and stopped. Maybe we can do the same to Ginelli."

"Yes," Jimmy sniffed. "Right in the middle of the game we'll run up to him and make him see himself in a mirror!"

"Gwan; I mean we should be his mirrors. At practice when he throws a fit we'll throw fits. When he plays like a house afire we'll—"

Jimmy seized Goldman's head and thumped it fervently. At practice the next day Ginelli wondered whether it was he or his team that had become suddenly insane. He had tried for a goal, missed it and in deep chagrin had violently hurled an imaginary object to the ground. At once his four team mates stopped and went through the same violent gesture. They looked so ridiculous that Ginelli first laughed, then stared. When the thing happened several times he became angry and left the floor. It took considerable coaxing and explaining to get him back. But when he did return his fear of looking as absurd in a temper as he now knew that he had looked before exercised a strong check on him. On the other hand his team mates promised to follow him in every burst of enthusiasm in which he should lead—and almost killed poor Ginelli by thus overstimulating him!

In the same way Jimmy worked on York's defects and virtues—and his own. There is something splendidly stimulating about a gathering of different kinds of people. It is like the discontented ship in Kipling's story. On its first trip the different parts quarreled and fought, and pulled each its own way. Suddenly in a storm the ship "found itself"; all the different parts realized their dependence on one another, and for the first time a little rivet felt that so long as it played its part together with the others it was not merely a little rivet but a big ship. Not unlike the feeling of the little rivet was the consciousness that was growing among the All Americans. It did not come at once or without bitter quarrels. But with each practice it grew.

Jimmy was the only one to whom the sessions did not bring unalloyed satisfaction, for each afternoon devoted to practice meant a terrible evening devoted to an attempt at studying. The evenings became hideous with torment. No game ever invented can lure an exhausted body and mind to play, and Jimmy's attempts to coax his faculties to keep awake after a long and arduous day ended only in failure, which in turn meant failure in recitations the next day. At times Jimmy felt as if the day of the return match would never come. It seemed to him that the poor marks that he was getting on the days that followed basket-ball practice would soon result in his being expelled from school. Then what would become of his promise to stay in school "as long as possible"?

The day of the return match finally came, and to all concerned the spectacle was fine and stimulating—except Jimmy. To him it brought a new dilemma. The freshman team was not yet at its best. The All Americans had vastly improved. The result was a contest so close that until the end the score was a tie. Until then the game was so clean of intentional fouls that Jimmy thrilled with pride.

Then Coogan broke fiercely from a scrimmage, shot the ball to Goldman, who passed it to Jimmy. The ball took a long flight through the air and dropped through the basket almost without touching the rim. With it went the game to the All Americans—and down went Jimmy's heart into the depths. For, though scarcely anyone had seen him do it, Coogan had freed the ball by "roughing." Jimmy had seen. Had his shot missed the basket, he would not have felt the burden of Coogan's unnoticed foul. As it was, the inevitable happened.

Collier shook hands with Jimmy, but his voice dropped as he said, "When we play the rubber warn Coogan."

The rubber—the deciding game—another! "Great Scott, Collier! I can't—I just can't give up any more time to basket ball!"

Collier stared. "Well, I guess you know best if you fellows want to play any more, old man."

"Oh, I'm not speaking for the others. I know they'll play. I'll let you know later."

Jimmy put the matter before his team. He himself could not afford to give up afternoons to practice. Would they play the rubber with some other boy in his place?

An agitated discussion ensued. The new

boy, whoever he was, could not be captain. Who then? Coogan, Goldman and Ginelli each felt entitled to the place, once Jimmy resigned. Each opposed one of the others' being in the position of boss, for bossing it would be. York of course was out of the question.

Mr. Bryant, whose keen study of the freshmen kept him in touch with the situation, finally called Jimmy for a talk. "Lee, you can't leave the team," he said kindly.

"Then I'll have to leave school," Jimmy replied firmly. "I simply can't serve my routes mornings and afternoons and practice basket ball and then do my home work. I've tried it, and you'll see the result when the marks for the last two weeks come to you."

Mr. Bryant nodded sympathetically. "I know all about that. And I have a proposal to make. We have a small fund, Students' Aid, for boys who find it impossible—"

The strain of unreasoning pride in such matters that Mr. Mitchell had observed in Jimmy's father spoke in the boy: "Please, Mr. Bryant, I've got to pay my way. I can earn all I need; nine dollars a week is all I want. I don't want to take—"

Mr. Bryant read the word "charity" in the boy's unfinished protest. "You wouldn't call

the salary of the President of the United States charity, would you?" he asked. "He's giving his working time to the service of the people, and the people rightly pay him. Your staying on as originator and leader of the All Americans is a service to the boys, to the school and to the country even. Why should you refuse pay for it, especially since you actually sacrifice something in serving?"

But argument cannot prevail against feeling, though Jimmy was not without a certain plausible argument in his stand. "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Bryant," he persisted doggedly. "I don't want to be paid for what other boys do as sport."

Nor did any argument succeed in budging him. The only money that he would accept was what he was convinced he earned; and the only money that he earned was by serving his newspaper routes mornings and afternoons. And since he could not do all three,—serve his routes, do his lessons and play with the All Americans,—one of the three would have to go overboard. "I've promised I'd stay in school as long as I could," Jimmy concluded. "And I can't stay if I don't earn enough for the Major and me, or if I don't study my lessons and get good marks!"

TO BE CONTINUED.



"Have you been waiting for me here long?"

THE GRUER ORDER

By Lily Wandel

remember Elsie Cotton? She was here ten years and finally left in disgust; Miss Dillon wouldn't even let her dictate the simplest letter. I call it mean!" She turned to the pocket mirror again.

"She's a machine, that's what!" Janet fished in her desk drawer for some milk chocolate. "Inhuman or something! I don't believe she ever thinks of a thing except orders, especially the big orders, eh? Customers like old Duffy she leaves to us, eh, Laura? Or rather to Miss Martin now that she's here. You know, Miss Martin, we're tired of Duffy; half the time he doesn't order anything, but Miss Dillon says meeting him is good practice." The two girls laughed, and Annie smiled as she made little dots on her pad.

"Say!" Laura turned confidentially to Janet. "I heard the boss tell Miss Dillon that the big Gruer order is due tomorrow, and he said to her that probably young Gruer himself is coming! Oh, but you ought to have seen our lady preen herself and put on her most efficient smile. Girls!" exclaimed Laura, and Annie, who could not help feeling herself included, looked up with interest and pleasure. "Wouldn't it be the joke of our young lives if Miss Dillon failed to come tomorrow, the most important of all important days!"

"Bah!" Janet's lips curled. "She'd come in a tornado! Though really, girls, I could handle young Gruer and get just as big an order out of him as Miss Dillon could."

"I too!" said Laura, fluffing out her bobbed tresses. "We'd do it together, Janet, and wouldn't poor Miss Dillon explode!"

"I don't know," replied Janet, irritably jerking herself to her feet; she was a thin, wiry little creature with quick, snapping eyes. "Kate Dillon isn't human enough for that!"

Annie moved uncomfortably in her chair. "I think," she began shyly, "that she can be very human sometimes. Yesterday morning when she looked through the mail she stopped at one letter for a long time, and then she said to me in a relieved sort of a way, 'It's from my mother; she's feeling much better, thank goodness!' And I didn't even know her mother was sick!" Annie looked at the girls expectantly.

Laura merely shrugged, but Janet fixed her keen eyes on Annie. "So her mother's been sick. Then there is a possibility of her not coming tomorrow on the most important of days! Laura, there is a possibility that you and I will land that order and show what we can do!"

"I don't see how," answered Laura, whose attention was now on her hair. "Her mother's better, Miss Martin just said."

"Girls," cried Janet,—and Annie never had seen her eyes shine so bright or heard her voice quiver with such suppressed excitement,—"suppose a telegram should arrive at Miss Dillon's apartment, calling her at once to her mother! Suppose she shouldn't arrive tomorrow at this office at exactly nine o'clock! She would never know who sent the telegram. Oh, don't look so horrified,

Miss Martin; I wouldn't dream of sending it! Though you, my dear,"—there was a gleam of hostility in Janet's eyes,—"*put the notion into my head. It's your idea, and I suppose you would hope also to reap the benefit if Miss Dillon did not appear as usual.*"

Annie's mouth opened in indignant protest, but at the same moment the office door opened too and Miss Dillon, enveloped, it seemed, in her usual atmosphere of work and efficiency, entered briskly. The three girls scurried to their work.

"Girls," said Miss Dillon, and her voice had a clear sharpness that made Annie wince. "I want this office to look particularly neat before you go home tonight. I believe you girls understand that business has been slack the last months, in fact alarmingly so, and that everything—by that I mean the welfare of the firm—depends upon getting the Gruer order tomorrow. It is too bad that Mr. Allen has been called away just now, but all the more each of us must do our best."

Annie, whose eyes were fixed on Miss Dillon's face, felt a chill run down her spine. She thought: "I must speak to Janet at noon; she must not have the impression that I'd want Miss Dillon called away. Of course Janet wouldn't send that telegram, but—" Annie worried about it all through the rest of the morning.

At lunch time she had no chance to speak to Janet. It seemed to her that Janet avoided meeting her eye. Well, she would wait. Perhaps Miss Dillon would leave the office for a few minutes during the afternoon.

But the afternoon passed, and Miss Dillon seemed glued to her desk. And Annie was sure that every now and then when Laura and Janet bent their heads over a file they were whispering together. She determined that at closing time she would stop Janet in the hall, but as the clock struck five and the girls rose for their hats Miss Dillon glanced up at her. "Would you mind taking just one short letter?"

The next morning Annie awoke laughing at herself. "I'm getting foolish or something from being alone so much! Horrid too, or I wouldn't think such mean things of Janet Burns!" Her fears of the night before seemed utterly ridiculous.

She dressed methodically and quickly and, reaching out of the window for the remains of yesterday's pint of milk, took down the box of wheat biscuit and the bag of sugar—her usual breakfast. She never ate it without thinking longingly of her mother's hot, clear coffee and being hungry for one of those substantial breakfasts that she hoped sometime to have every day. It was a pastime of Annie's to read the advertisements and to dream of fitting up a little apartment and then writing to a wonderful mother and an eager younger sister to come—a pastime that had almost lost the last bit of thrill in dragging through five years of waiting, of changing positions and of crying herself to sleep in biting loneliness.

She rinsed out the empty milk bottle and, wiping it until it shone, allowed her thoughts to weave a daydream of the liveliest kind. Much as she desired to treat Miss Dillon

fairly she nevertheless saw in imagination young Gruer enter the office, brush an officious Janet and a smirking Laura aside and, striding directly to her, Annie Martin, begin to give his all-important order. She even saw old Duffy enter, rain-spattered and wilted and with that ever half-smiling, half-apologetic air, and she saw herself with one magnificent wave of her hand seal the fate of Janet and Laura by directing the old man to them. Annie easily shook herself free of the dream as she turned her steps to the elevated railway. Miss Dillon would be at the office as usual, young Gruer would come and place his order, and she, Annie Martin, would probably take care of old Duffy if he happened to come in.

It was early, not quite half past eight o'clock, when she entered the office, too early to expect Miss Dillon; yet somehow Annie started when she saw the office manager's empty chair. At five minutes of nine Laura, laughing and talking, sauntered in, followed by Janet, whose quick, snapping eyes avoided Annie's and whose rather pale face sent a chill to Annie's heart. The girls were unusually long in the cloakroom, and when they reentered the office the clock was five minutes past nine. Miss Dillon's chair was empty.

"Miss Dillon has not arrived," said Annie nervously.

"Well, what of it?" inquired Janet, flinging herself into her chair and opening her desk with a bang. "Delays are possible."

Laura snickered, and Annie, whose hands were growing cold, looked quickly from one to the other. "Miss Dillon is never late; there must be a serious reason," she said earnestly.

"Maybe a telegram!" replied Laura, laughing and beginning to fluff her hair.

Janet whirled; her face was scarlet, and there were ugly lines at the corners of her mouth. "Hush up, Laura! Besides, you shock Miss Martin." The girl's voice had an unmistakable sneer.

"If Miss Dillon isn't here in twenty minutes, I'm going to call her apartment," announced Annie, keeping her voice steady and her eyes on Janet, who with an angry fling bent her head over her typewriter.

Miss Dillon's apartment did not answer, though Annie called six times between twenty minutes past nine and ten o'clock. Once she heard Laura giggle, and her own face flamed red. Her heart seemed to thump hot and smothering in her throat while in her racing thoughts the question, "Why did Kate Dillon not come?" remained unanswered. Only last night the office manager's gray eyes had looked kindly into Annie's big blue ones. "See you tomorrow," she had said; "thank you for staying for this letter. Tomorrow is an important day, Annie." That Miss Dillon had intended to come to the office today was beyond doubt. Again Annie's eyes wandered to Janet.

At eleven o'clock a hot, ugly air of suspense filled the office; it caused Annie to lean her head on her hand, made Janet take numerous trips to the ice-water bottle, and made Laura, no longer laughing, shoot frightened little glances from one to the other.

"It's almost half past eleven," said Janet, after one of her trips for a drink, "and it's evident that Miss Dillon is not coming this morning." She looked triumphantly at Annie. "When young Mr. Gruer comes in I'll attend to him! Laura may help if she wishes."

Annie did not answer, but Laura muttered confusedly, "I don't care; it doesn't matter; I'd rather not!" Annie was satisfied that Laura was frightened by what Janet had done.

The office door swung open, and the office boy announced in an awe-struck whisper: "Mr. Gruer to see Miss Dillon. Ain't she in? And Mr. Allen ain't here, either!"

"Bring Mr. Gruer in!" said Janet, but Annie noticed that the hand that held the price lists was trembling.

There was a sound of heavy footsteps, and a stout scowling man of perhaps sixty years strode into the room.

"Mr. Gruer?" asked Janet with incredulity, for she had expected a younger man.

"The same. Where's Miss Dillon?" asked the man, sweeping the three with his quick glance.

"Out," Janet managed to gasp, and then, recovering herself, she forced a smile and pointed to a chair. "Please be seated, Mr. Gruer. I can do anything for you—"

"No, thanks. Get me a piece of paper—no, I've got one!" He tore a sheet from his memorandum book and, leaning on the table, scrawled a few words on the paper. "Envelope?" Annie hastily handed him one, and he crushed the note into it, sealed it and flung

the envelope on the table. "For Miss Dillon!" he said briefly and strode out of the office and banged the door.

It had all happened in such an incredibly short time that the three girls did not quite realize what had passed until the man had gone. Then Annie came slowly to understand. "It was old Mr. Gruer himself, wasn't it?"



A stout scowling man of perhaps sixty years strode into the room

she said. "And he left without giving an order! Oh,"—her voice was agonized,—"you don't think he's gone straight to Clemmer & Co., do you?"

Laura pointed hopefully to the envelope on the table. "Maybe he wrote the order."

Janet shook her head. "Too short. It was old Mr. Gruer," she said dully, turning to Annie. "I remember now I saw him once a couple of years ago." Her face was gray, and her chin and lips were quivering.

Laura turned frightened eyes from Annie to Janet. "Now," she cried hysterically, "see what you've done! Couldn't manage at all! Now! And you knew what depended on this order; you knew it! The whole business, that's what, and we'll be out of a job! Oh!" she lamented. "Miss Dillon told us how important it was, and you—" The girl's words ended in a struggle of sobs and tears.

Annie offered neither comfort nor advice. Hot resentment filled her heart, but the sight of Janet's face with two tears sliding down gray-white cheeks sealed her lips.

"I think I'll go for lunch," Janet said in a low voice, "and I may take the afternoon off. I'll have to be looking for another job anyway. Are you coming too, Laura?" She turned swiftly to Annie. "I suppose you hate me! I know I've made an awful mess of things!"

With closed eyes Annie heard the jumble of footsteps and the closing of the office door. It was good to be alone, and she must think to do. Find Miss Dillon of course, but—

She heard a discreet, apologetic cough and, opening her eyes, she saw old Duffy, more rain-spattered, more wrinkled, but more smiling too than ever. "How do you do, Mr. Duffy?" inquired Annie politely and took his proffered hand. "Sit down, won't you?"

"You're not looking yourself, Miss Annie," said the man, settling himself comfortably in the customer's chair. "Worried?"

Annie nodded and leaned back wearily, but she responded to old Duffy's indefatigable smile. "I wish I were more like you, Mr. Duffy; you never seem to lose your courage! Sometimes I think it's no use trying; it's all so useless!"

Mr. Duffy bent and patted

her hand. "We all get like that once in a while; it's human nature. I've been down a dozen times, but I've struggled to my feet and managed somehow. It pays in the end!" He beamed at her.

"Perhaps," answered Annie doubtfully. "What would you say if you had a wife like Mrs. Duffy, sick half the time, worrying



all the time? And two little boys that eat like six big ones?" Annie laughed in spite of herself. "With business all but gone to pieces," continued Mr. Duffy, "hanging you might say on one little rotten thread! Many's the time, Miss Annie, I've come in here with a ten-dollar order and thought, 'That's my last! Somehow or other after you and I had a little chat things would look brighter. And things are brighter! Miss Annie, we're going to move!'"

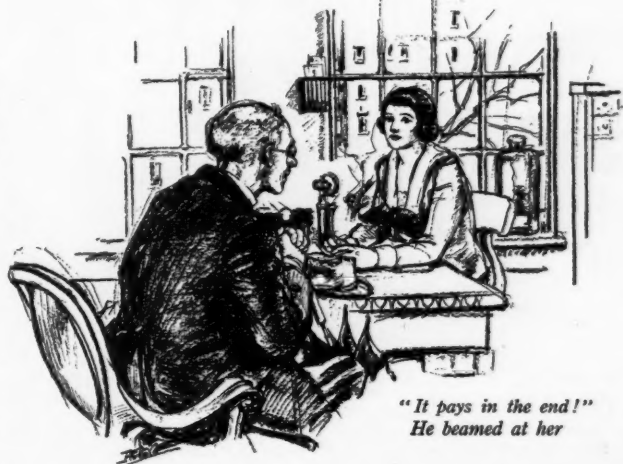
"Really!"

"To the suburbs! Mrs. Duffy is now happy worrying about the train connections and the stores. But that isn't what I want to ask you, Miss Annie. Mrs. Duffy and I want you to come out to dinner on Sunday."

"To dinner!" echoed Annie with a little cry. "I'd love to! Won't it really be too much for Mrs. Duffy?" She did not tell him then that it was the first time since she had left her home that she had been invited to a real dinner.

Then Mr. Duffy began giving his order. An hour later he had just left and Annie with shining eyes was standing at the window, gazing at a little patch of blue sky high above the cañon of office buildings. A miracle had happened; something had lifted her out of the chasm of loneliness and daydreams to a summit of golden realities.

At the sound of the office door opening she turned half expecting to see a repentant Janet, but there stood—Miss Dillon!



"It pays in the end!" He beamed at her

Annie rushed forward with a jumble of words on her lips, but Miss Dillon stopped her. "What I want to know, has Mr. Gruer been here?"

"He has," replied Annie, "and he didn't give us his order. He—" She pointed to the envelope, and saw Miss Dillon's face grow pale. Tears came to Annie's eyes. "Miss Dillon—" she began and stopped.

"I want to tell you something, Annie," said Miss Dillon soberly, holding the envelope unopened in her hand; "I stayed away purposely this morning."

"Purposely?" repeated Annie. "Didn't you get a telegram?"

Miss Dillon shook her head. "I am going to leave here shortly, and I didn't know which of you three girls to suggest to take my place. I thought perhaps if I simply stayed away on an important morning and waited to see who would take the initiative and land that big Gruer order, it would solve the situation."

Annie looked at her and gasped. "Janet took the initiative, but none of us—"

"I thought young Mr. Gruer would come, but evidently something occurred—" She smiled faintly. "Never mind, in the future this firm will get all the Gruer orders. You see, Annie,"—she took the young girl's hand,— "I am going to marry young Mr. Gruer!"

Annie threw her arms impulsively round the office manager's neck. "Oh, that is wonderful!" she cried and then suddenly remembered the unfortunate episode. "But the business? Do you really think old Mr. Gruer went to Clemmer & Co.?"

"It would be like him, the old explosive but lovable man!" Miss Dillon tore open the envelope, and a heavy fold between her eyes formed simultaneously with a little white line round her mouth. She pushed the piece of paper into Annie's hand.

"Have taken my order to Clemmer's," Annie read.

"Annie,"—Miss Dillon's voice was as sharp and clear as usual,— "I want you to take my place as office manager." She put her arm round the girl's trembling shoulders. "It won't be easy—there'll be hard pulling for the firm for a year; but after that George and I will send the Gruer business to this firm. Old Mr. Gruer was piqued that I was not in when he came today, and if I know him at all he is sorry enough by this time. But the thing is done; the order is at Clemmer's. If I could have foreseen how things would turn out, of course I should have come this morning, but if worse comes to worst—"

"It won't be necessary!" Annie interrupted her excitedly. "Miss Dillon, old Duffy was here, and"—she fumbled on the table for a paper—"here's his order. A wealthy man became interested in him, and now he has a partner."

"Annie!" cried Miss Dillon. "Why, it's twice as big as the Gruer order!"

As Annie with a delicious, warm feeling pulsing through her young body said good night to Miss Dillon a wiry little figure sprang forward and caught her arm. "It was low of me," said Janet unsteadily. "I knew all along you thought I had sent that telegram, and I let you go on believing it!"

"Just as low of me to think anything so horrid of you!" replied Annie, touching the girl's hand. "Have you been waiting for me here long?"

Janet nodded. "I think I'll tell you a secret," ventured Annie. Her voice was warm with happiness.

"Miss Dillon is going to be married to young Mr. Gruer, and, O Janet, I'm going to get her place!"

Janet snatched her hand and tried in vain to smile. "Congratulations," she managed to say and then added hoarsely, "Of course I can well understand after what has happened that you can't use me. Good night."

Annie caught up to her fleeing figure. "Janet," she pleaded breathlessly, not noticing that she had called her Janet for the second time that evening, "you won't desert me? I don't think I can manage it without you and Laura, but if you'll stand by me—"

Swiftly in the throng Janet linked her arm through Annie's. "I'll work my fingers off for you!"

"I want to distribute the work a little differently,"

said Annie some minutes later. "And, O Janet, will you help me find an apartment? I have the most wonderful mother, and now

I shall be able to have her with me—" Their happy voices were lost in the noisy hum and buzz of the great home-going crowd.

JONESY SOUNDS "TO ARMS"

By Edwin Cole



DRAWINGS BY RODNEY THOMSON

JONESY was out behind the forage pile, watching the sun go down beyond old Baboquivari. The west was like the glow from a monster furnace hidden beyond the purple mountains. Slender Lombardy poplars and umbrella-topped cottonwoods rose like spears up from the creek. The troop's horses were eating quietly at the picket line near by. It was that serene moment of early evening when earth seems nearest heaven.

But there was no serenity in Jonesy's soul. He was in disgrace with the captain. Worse than that, he was the laughingstock of the troop.

Troop C was a link in the long chain that guarded the Mexican border. The chain was not really a chain either; there were too many missing links; and on either side of Troop C were two of the longest open places. The commanding officer had sent the troop into that wild bit of Arizona mountains mostly for "moral effect." In the way of civilization there was nothing nearer than Yuma on the west and Nogales on the east, and the mountains between the two countries were honeycombed with trails once familiar to Geronimo's Apaches and now all too well known to Yaqui bands from Sonora.

And therein lay the cause of Jonesy's fall from grace. He was the bugler, and from captain to cook the troop loved him. His diminutive size, his cheerful grin and his ever-ready wit had made for him a place in the troop's heart such as no other member filled. But he had one fault—love of a practical joke. Now, however, the joke was on Jonesy, and it was the best joke of the season. The worst part of it was that it might have been anything but a joke, and that is why Jonesy was in disgrace.

The troop had always mounted a full guard night and day, but certain rumors that came to the captain's ears through the rangers who dropped into camp occasionally led him to go farther than that in the way of preparedness. One day on the homeward trail after a patrol among the mountains he had called Jonesy up beside him where the path widened to accommodate two horses. "One of these nights I'm going to have you sound To Arms and see what happens, Jones," he had said. "The men haven't had any night drills, and I think it's about time I found out what they would do on a sudden call. We will try it along toward morning, the time these raiders usually make their attack. I'll come to your tent and wake you, and you will sound off at once. That is all except—keep it under your hat."

Jonesy bunked in the sergeants' tent, an honor that anyone but Jonesy would have appreciated. But the little bugler had respect for no one who wore less than the cross sabres of a second lieutenant, and the sergeants were among the most frequent victims of his practical jokes.

Now, even under torture Jonesy would not

have repeated a word that the captain had said to him in confidence, but he could not help hinting by his actions that something was afoot.

So that night when Drexler, the first duty sergeant, caught him laying out his clothes beside his cot with the method and sequence of a fireman and placing his bugle on top of them the sergeant eyed him reflectively and said unexpectedly, "What's up, Jonesy? Why all the neatness?"

Jonesy was taken off his guard, but he affected indifference. "What do you mean, what's up?"

"You know what I mean, you little runt," said Drexler searchingly. "You usually throw your clothes all over the tent, and now you've got them laid out as if you were ready to make your get-away."

"Well," said Jonesy, "you never can tell what will happen down in this country, you know."

Drexler grunted. "Funny you've just woke up to it," he remarked.

Then Hart, another sergeant, spoke up: "Perhaps that little confab you had with the captain on the way home has something to do with it, Jonesy. How about it?"

"Quit your kiddin'," retorted Jonesy, getting himself in hand. "Since I lost that last pair of socks I thought I would count my duds over before I turned in nights."

There was a general laugh, and the incident passed by. But Drexler did not forget it, and he recalled it to the other sergeants the next day when Jonesy was out of the tent.

"There's something in the wind that we don't know about, and Jonesy does. It may be another one of those jokes of his, but he'll bear watching in any case."

"Most likely that's the joke," observed one of the other sergeants, "getting us all keyed up over nothing."

And they all began to think so as two days went by, and nothing out of the ordinary happened. Jonesy began to believe so himself. For the first two nights he had hardly slept for fear he should not be ready when the captain called him; and when the third night came he was so tired that he had scarcely touched his cot before he was asleep. And as luck would have it that was the night the captain had decided on for his false alarm.

Drexler had met a Mexican with a watermelon just outside camp that evening. The melon had not been so good as it had looked, and Drexler was sorry he had eaten so heartily of it. In the middle of the night he awoke with the belief that some one was standing on his stomach. He was relieved to find no one there and was trying to reason out why a full-grown man will be foolish enough to eat a half-grown melon when he heard some one moving stealthily up to the door of the tent.

"Jones!" a voice whispered cautiously.

Drexler listened attentively. The bugler's cot

was near the door, and his own was across from it; he could not distinguish the figure, but he was wide-awake in a moment. As for Jonesy, he snored peacefully on.

"Jones!" The call was not a whisper this time, and, although the tone was low, Drexler recognized the captain's voice and understood in a moment what Jonesy had been hiding from them—a night alarm!

The sergeant slipped out of his cot and began to dress. The captain no doubt heard him, although in the dimness of the tent you could not see anyone. "Jones!" cried the captain sharply.

The other sergeants tumbled out of bed at once. Sounds came from the neighboring tents, and Jonesy awoke; that is, partly. "Aw, cut out the noise and let a feller sleep, can't you?" he complained and rolled over.

"Jones! Sound To Arms!" shouted the captain angrily.

Then poor Jonesy understood. "Yes, sir. Yes, sir," he mumbled hastily.

First he fell out of bed. Then he could not find his bugle. When he did find it he was so nervous that he could not get the right pucker to his lips to sound off.

He played the call at last, but by that time the sergeants were rousing their platoons, and from all appearances Jonesy was the last man in the troop to know of the call.

The captain said nothing to him about it. If he had only said something, Jonesy might have recovered more quickly. It was what the captain did not say that rankled. No doubt Jonesy pictured his disgrace as deeper than it actually was in the officer's mind, but the captain was his hero, and his frown was all that was necessary to make the little bugler unhappy.

The men were franker in their expressions of opinion. The next day the story ran through the whole troop, as a good joke will, and Jonesy got little peace. It was, "Sleep tight, Jonesy; don't you let those naughty officers wake you up," or, "Where do you get those sleeping powders, Jonesy?" or, "Look out for that fellow Villa, Jonesy; if he catches you asleep, he won't like it a bit," and so on, it seemed to poor Jonesy, without end.

He had endured two days of it now, and, feeling that he had reached the end of human forbearance, he had come out to the forage stack with his beloved bugle with the muffler in it to practice calls. There was nothing else he could do.

Perched on a bale of alfalfa, he blew mournful and subdued notes so that every now and then a horse lifted its head in mild wonder, and the sentinel at the farther end of the picket line became homesick and indignant and thought up a new taunt. But Jonesy saw him coming and, slipping from his perch, made his way down to the creek a hundred yards off.

He removed his putties and shoes and stockings and bathed his feet in the cool trickle of the stream. Night was falling, and it was dark in the shadow of the cottonwoods. The vermilion of the setting sun had turned to faded blue; the purple hills had turned drab; the howl of a coyote floated forlornly in from the desert, and Jonesy felt more lonesome than ever. He peered at his wrist watch. "Half an hour to Taps," he muttered. "I'll be hanged if I'll go in with 'at gang until I have to."

With hat off and feet dabbling in the stream he was sitting with his back to the cottonwood when the sound of a horse's hoof brought him out of his gloomy reflections. He looked up and across the stream in time to see a saddled pony led by a sombreroed Mexican outlined against the dying light in the west. Another man followed at his heels, and then a third. Stealthily without sound, leading their horses head to croup, a stream of men filed by while Jonesy, terrified into inaction and indistinguishable against the trunk of the tree behind him, racked his whirling

brain to think what to do. To move he knew would be to be discovered. To sit silent might mean the surprise and perhaps the annihilation of the troop, for that the men were bandits he had no doubt whatsoever. For one thing they all carried rifles, and Mexicans were not allowed to carry arms in that country. For another thing every movement of the men suggested an evil purpose. They had come indeed when night joined day, but at twilight instead of dawn. They would make their attack in the failing light and their escape by darkness over such trails as the troop, if it survived, could not follow at night. They had come up the valley in the concealment of the cottonwoods; had they come from the mountains their dust would have been seen. They had come by a roundabout and unexpected way, hoping to catch the troop at an hour when the surprise would be complete.

Jonesy's hair prickled. He moistened his lips. Here were men out to kill other men, to kill him and his comrades of the troop. For what? Just for the sport of the thing—or for devilry. With a shiver of apprehension he heard the steps behind him. The bandits were on both sides of the creek; they were between him and the picket line, between him and all possibility of escape. He could neither join his fellows nor warn them. He had not even so much as his automatic strapped to his side.

Warn them! Yes, he could warn them! The thought came to him tremulously and made him wonder. The little bugle that he cared for so jealously, that he sounded

pretty notes on to wake the men and put them to bed, the little brass thing of a few notes was meant for sterner things—the call To Arms! But to sound it might result in his own death. At the first notes a dozen rifles would speak, and the bugler, if not the bugle, would be forever silent.

And if he did not? A hundred men might be slaughtered! And if all of them were not killed and he lived, what then? He shook his head savagely. He had not been able to stand their jests in that small matter; could he ever hope to stand their scorn at his cowardice? Nor was that all. They were his friends, every one of them. He knew that now, for all the exquisite torture they had caused him.

He moistened his lips and smoothed the mouthpiece of the instrument, then removed the muffler. How did the call go? He was so nervous that he could not remember at once; he was like an actor who has forgotten his lines. Then they came to him—the first four notes all on a line, *ta, ta-a-a, ta, ta-a-a*. The rest followed in his mind as he raised the bugle to his lips.

It was the third time the captain had glanced at his watch. His anger was mounting. "Something is coming to that young scamp Jones," he said to the first lieutenant. "He is lying down on his job. I've been too easy with him. Didn't think he was one to take advantage of it. I'll have to bring him up short."

"Ought to have had punishment enough from the men, I should say," replied the lieutenant. "They guy him unmercifully, so the first sergeant says, about the affair the other night. He's off by himself now most likely."

"I'll look him up and tell him a thing or two," said the captain grimly, rising from his chair in front of the tent. "There he goes now!" he exclaimed. "But where under the sun is he?"

Then his face turned a bit white, and he and the lieutenant looked at each other oddly. "To Arms," the captain muttered. "Could the little fool have made a mistake?" "There it comes again, down by the creek!" cried the lieutenant.

Then from the sentinel out by the picket line came the challenge: "Turn out the guard!" And a rifle shot followed on the heels of the cry. The captain knew then that Jonesy had made no mistake.

The men came tumbling out of their tents, carrying their rifles and strapping on their pistols.

"First platoon follow me," shouted the lieutenant and ran for the picket line.

The captain assembled the rest of the troop. A few scattered shots came from down by the creek and the sound of thudding hoofs of many horses.

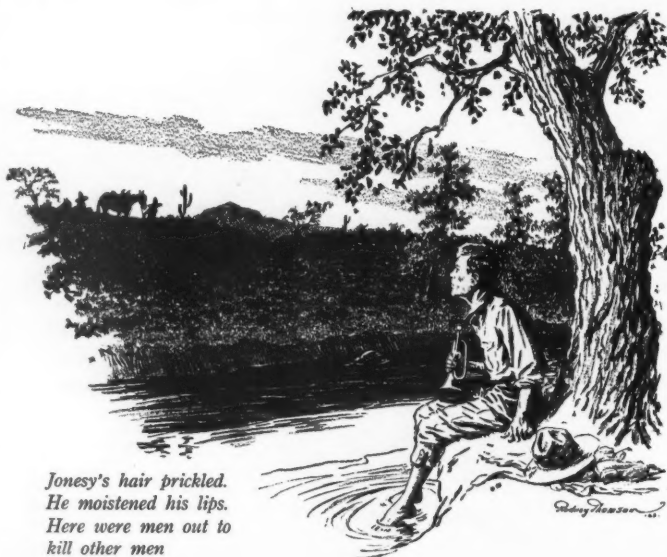
"Here they come!" said the second lieutenant excitedly.

The captain shook his head. "There they go!" he replied. "Thought they could catch us napping! Where is that man Jones?"

The captain himself led a platoon down to



Jonesy



Jonesy's hair prickled. He moistened his lips. Here were men out to kill other men

the creek. A man came round a cottonwood. "Who's there!" cried the captain. "It's me, sir," answered Jonesy meekly. "What are you doing down here, Jones?" demanded the captain. "W-washing my feet," murmured Jonesy.

Some one laughed, and the captain said savagely, "Shut up! Jones, why did you sound To Arms?" "I saw a lot of bandits, sir," answered Jonesy, wishing that they were still present to corroborate his story, "all round me."

The captain was silent for a moment. "And you sounded off with them all round you?" he asked quietly. "What did you think was going to happen to you?" "I—I didn't much care," answered Jonesy. "You see I've been laughed at so much I—"

One of the men tittered. The captain turned on him sharply. "If I hear of anyone daring to laugh at you again, Jones," he declared, "I'll—I'll choke him with my own hands." But no one wanted to laugh at Jonesy.

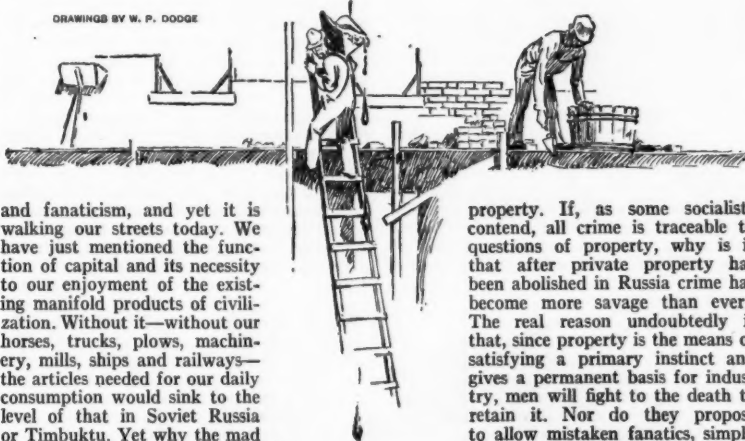


INDUSTRIAL UNDERSTANDING



By J. Laurence Laughlin

DRAWINGS BY W. P. DOOGIE



"YOUR old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions," said Joel. Today dreams and visions seem to be the vogue, irrespective of their quality. Urged with sufficient assurance or if dressed in a little brief authority, the wildest economic dream is regarded as having prophetic value. There are so many Utopias as to win our hearts and leave us confused; and yet our judgments must be brought to bear to prevent the suffering that is sure to follow our blind acceptance of them. Keeping in mind our desires for greater comfort and higher wages for our workmen, we shall do well to test many of those dreams with a sympathetic industrial understanding of what is possible and true.

One thing seemingly misunderstood is the origin and function of capital. In the beginning there was a struggle directly between unaided man and nature to obtain the necessities of life. Those first goods, then, came high in terms of effort and sacrifice. But out of a small surplus the first thrifty workers set aside enough to construct a cart, a boat, an axe, a plane or any machine that reduced effort and greatly multiplied product. In short, capital joined labor in wrenching from nature the satisfactions that man needed. Today the aid of impersonal capital, when combined in production, is vastly more effective than personal labor.

ORIGIN OF CAPITAL

Capital, being impersonal, can be bought and sold like a horse or an axe; that is, its productivity is transferable, and the price paid for its use is interest. The owner of it rightly expects a payment for the use of it when lent. Otherwise he would keep it for his own gain. The possession of capital acts like a lever enormously to increase the power of man over nature. At first a worker might have saved with great sacrifice one thousand dollars. That unit he put to work, which brought in to him an addition every year of fifty dollars to his former surplus. Soon he had another unit of one thousand dollars saved to work for him. New units came easier. In time by that process he had battalions of units working for him in the industrial army. He was thus a benefactor to the community. Every unit he put to work in production could yield him a return only through the employment of labor. Production can go on only if both labor and capital are conjoined. Thus the coming of capital brings a new demand for labor; a part of it goes to wages; and other parts go to provide materials, tools, buildings, and so forth, in the proportion set by the condition of the arts—that is, the extent to which invention has introduced mechanical processes. Hence the one who saves for productive purposes is obviously a benefactor.

And yet we hear much about the benefactions of the man who spends freely and "puts money into circulation." If he uses his possessions freely in a way that results in nothing else's being produced by them while they are being spent, his purchasing power by that one act has ceased to exist. The world is poorer in the future by that sort of consumption. When he put that "money into circulation" he transferred his purchasing power to others; if those others saved it and put it into production, they, not he, were the benefactors of labor.

One of the curiosities of human nature is the growth of superstitions and delusions in all ages. The instinct of worship had been wasted on symbols or totem posts. It was once heresy to believe what is now mathematical truth. Yet in recent years the quality of fanaticism springs up eternal, as if the race were still in its childhood. The inability to make so simple a distinction as that between a conscious actor and an impersonal tool—between a murderer and the pistol he fired—has been allowed to develop an economic delusion until it has assumed the character of a fanatical frenzy. The curious war on the bourgeoisie and on capitalism is a most remarkable instance of medieval irrationality

and fanaticism, and yet it is walking our streets today. We have just mentioned the function of capital and its necessity to our enjoyment of the existing manifold products of civilization. Without it—without our horses, trucks, plows, machinery, mills, ships and railways—the articles needed for our daily consumption would sink to the level of that in Soviet Russia or Timbuktu. Yet why the mad hatred of capitalism? Some of the erratic thinkers of our day seem to realize that capital serves a pivotal purpose, and, although they wish to overturn the existing social system, they intend to have capital taken over to be retained by the state; thus they pass by the causes of its existence and maintenance. But if capital is so essential, why war so desperately against capitalism? Can we have capital and not have capitalism? What is it that lurks in capitalism that acts as a red rag to the radical bull? In brief, it seems to be the private ownership of capital; if private individuals own and direct capital, then society is necessarily exploited to its disadvantage. That appears to be the crux of the whole matter, the substance of the charge against the capitalistic system.

That there will be ills in the present social system or in any other goes without saying so long as human beings remain imperfect. Men who labor and men who own capital will do wrong. But that an owner of capital makes a wrong use of it is no reason why capital itself should be abolished. A spade is a necessary garden tool, but because a man brains a fellow workman with a spade we do not therefore abolish spades. Because private ownership of capital exists under the present system and because at the same time human beings commit wrongs, there is no reason why the wrongdoing of mankind should be charged against the existing capitalistic system.

WAR AGAINST CAPITAL

You may punish a capitalist if he commits murder, but his capital is innocent. Yet the fanatics of the day appear to attack capital itself as the cause of evil. Since capital is necessary to the employment of labor in production, and since the consent of the owner of capital is necessary to employment, it is possible that a feeling of resentment may arise from the side of labor on the ground that the owner holds an advantage in settling the terms between them. Hence there may come a desire to take away private ownership and put capital into the hands of the state. That course, naturally, assumes that the state is impeccable and that no wrong can go on if the state owns the capital. Socialism and communism, however, will have the same old human nature to deal with as exists under the present system; the abolition of private ownership of property and capital will have no such efficacy in itself as to make men perfect. Several years of the experiment in Russia seem to show that men can be more brutal and criminal under communism than under a system of private

property. If, as some socialists contend, all crime is traceable to questions of property, why is it that after private property has been abolished in Russia crime has become more savage than ever? The real reason undoubtedly is that, since property is the means of satisfying a primary instinct and gives a permanent basis for industry, men will fight to the death to retain it. Nor do they propose to allow mistaken fanatics, simply because they cannot discriminate

between capital and the sins of owners of capital, to impose their unpractical delusions upon the world of industry.

The ownership of capital indeed brings serious responsibilities. If it is mistakenly managed, it may be lost, and labor thereafter may be deprived of employment. It is in the interest of steady employment that capital should be in the hands of experts in industry. In Italy recently some workmen who were dissatisfied with their wages seized the factories in order to manage them to better their condition. Of course, not having themselves created or inherited the capital, they could take it only by force and contrary to law, but apart from that legal matter they soon realized their incapacity for management and recalled the owners. Expert management, often separate from the ownership of capital, has become necessary to a successful industry and along with capital and labor has grown into a prominent thing in production. The mere owner of capital is not usually a technical expert with managerial ability. To the body of workers without capital the interesting point is that the manager belongs to the class of laborers, and his position, which often is highly paid, is open to anyone from the rank and file who has the natural ability and the training to fill the place. The wages of the skilled are higher than those of the unskilled; and the manager at the top of the labor scale is there because he is the most necessary man in the industry; he receives the wages of exceptional skill. In brief, high rewards in industry result from a contest of laborers with one another. The high prizes are open to anyone from any class of men, without dependence on capital.

SUCCESS WITHOUT CAPITAL

As an example, a young man without friends or money came from Maine to Boston, where he worked first carrying a hod for bricklayers. Keeping his eyes open, he learned how inside bricks are laid. Soon he had a job laying common bricks. Meanwhile he watched keenly the laying of face bricks and soon had the status of a skilled journeyman.

In Cambridge he took a contract for erecting a brick building, and later he became the owner of several dormitories. He won, not in any conflict between labor and capital, but in a contest of laborers between skill and lack of skill, of ambition against inertia. The early lack of capital did not hold him down.

Capital is always seeking men of industrial efficiency to take charge of it. The rules of the game are simple; the man of ordinary

ability can rise by the exercise of steady industry, sobriety, good judgment, enterprise, technical knowledge of his business, insight into human nature, power to manage others, honesty and character. Rich men's sons who by self-indulgence lack those qualities fail. That is why great houses established by men of power and still carrying their name are today conducted by officers who are unknown to the general public, and who have risen from the ranks. Industrial understanding must take into account the actual happenings of our everyday life.

An understanding of elemental industrial forces may be had from the practical experience of a retired ship captain in one of our New England ports. Being lame and having impaired eyesight, Captain Mariner found when he wished to put his savings to work that he had to call in the help of Captain Fisher, an old friend and an expert sailor. Captain Mariner had built out of his savings an admirable roomy fishing boat, which he put under the management of the other man. Having been built and outfitted with great care, the boat had cost a good deal; but Captain Fisher was an expert sailor who knew all the winds, shoals, rips, tides and currents and also all the resorts of fish along that shore. From among the young habitués of the docks he picked out two efficient sailors and helpers to handle the tubs, the tackle, the nets and the sails. Day after day the three men brought in heavy fares of lobster and fish.

WHERE CAPITAL IS NEEDED

After a while the fish became scarce, and it was necessary to go farther away for a good fare. Consequently the helpers preferred to be paid at fixed wages rather than be dependent on the uncertain quantity of fish caught. Thus Captain Mariner took on himself all the risk of paying Captain Fisher and his men, irrespective of good catches or poor ones. In fact, the product came to vary with two things: the catch and the price of the fish in the open market. If the catch was large just when the price was high, the return to Captain Mariner was large; if the fish were a drug in the market, even a large catch brought a small return. To cover all emergencies and to give an incentive for skill the owner gave Captain Fisher a share in the product in addition to his wages of management.

Captain Mariner then began to plan an extension of his business. A steadier market for his fish would better his returns; therefore he started a cannery factory with a young expert packer from another town. With only about twenty operatives and on a small scale they soon established a high reputation for the quality of their goods. Their sales increased. They consumed not only the fares of Captain Fisher but those of many other fishermen. The increased quantity of product and the better prices enlarged Captain Mariner's returns and also the prospects for an expansion of the cannery. In no long time he was employing hundreds of men and running a score of fishing vessels. Wages were going up under the increasing demand for fishermen and operatives. On thinking the matter over Captain Mariner saw that he could increase his return for a given outlay only in two ways: (1) by increasing the efficiency of his fishing methods so as to get more fish for the same unit of outlay, and (2) by getting better service from his fishermen. Since there was little prospect of better service, he made up his mind that the higher wages could be compensated for only by new developments in the industry. He must get a larger product by adopting modern inventions and devices. He came inevitably to steam trawlers. The upshot was a vast increase in the fish brought in and in his cannery business. For a given outlay he had enlarged his return. He could pay higher wages and could get larger returns. As the larger returns came about, not from any increased efficiency of his workmen, but from the new devices that he himself had



introduced, the increased return in money obviously belonged to him. That his fortune grew and he became a great power in the port goes without saying. His case is worthy of study in trying to arrive at a true industrial understanding.

On all sides we hear much about the difficulty of raising wages; an increase in wages raises the expenses of producing goods, and a "buyers' strike" prevents the producer from increasing his prices as a means of passing the higher costs on to the consumer. On the other hand, it is asserted that the employer forces down wages in order to secure a margin of gain. As a prominent labor leader expresses it: "Those who invest capital demand labor policies that will help make profits." Finance "must demand low wages. It must shear whenever it is possible to shear." At that point of antagonism it would seem as if both interests were deadlocked. Here it is, however, that a little industrial understanding would be of great help.

The key to the difficulty is to be found in knowing that life and economies are not fixed or static but dynamic, or in constant motion. At a given moment there is an adjustment of component elements that we call stationary; for example, with a given catch of fish in a certain week, selling at a stated price, Captain Mariner's return has to be offset against a definite outlay; to raise wages, if other things remain the same, means a smaller return for his outlay. But in economic life nothing long remains the same; everything is in a process of change, and the business man or workman who does not act accordingly "gets left." In industry that relation of return to outlay has in it countless human possibilities. It is always dynamic, always charged with change and with opportunities for improving the status of worker and employer. It is well worth following up.

The outlay as compared with the return in any industry is, to use a mathematical term, a function of several variables; it may vary from changes in any one of the following factors:

- | | |
|--|---|
| (1) Efficiency of production | (a) By introduction of new methods and machinery
(b) By increased skill of workmen, etc. |
| (2) Increased or decreased expenses of production in | (a) Wages
(b) Buildings and machinery
(c) Taxes
(d) Materials, coal, etc.
(e) Freight
(f) Interest on borrowed funds, etc. |

Here are all sorts of possibilities. If the outlay for any items in (2) increases, then a change in (1) may be made to offset it. A rigid, static state is purely imaginary or theoretical. Now for our present purpose, in studying the supposed antagonism of workers and employers, let us consider only (a) and (b) under (1) and (a) under (2). Suppose a demand for an increase of wages without any increase of skill, or, as it is commonly urged, an increase of wages with even fewer hours, or less efficiency. If granted or forced on employers by "direct action" without any reference to increased efficiency, expenses of production would be increased, and—other things remaining the same—prices of the product would rise. If prices could not be raised, as holds true of railways, earnings of employers would fall. Such a case presents the usual situation as we find it in these days of labor strife.

That is a situation which shows a great lack of industrial understanding and, solely in the interest of higher wages for labor, ought not to be allowed to arise. It assumes that an increase in wages can go on without any regard to increased efficiency of production or to any consideration of justice. If wages are thus forced up, and if the management are able to pay the increase only by inventing some new device for turning out more production per unit of labor and capital,—as in (1), (a),—it is not justice to ascribe the increase of wages to the service of labor. Doing so assumes also ignorance of our industrial history. For more than a century our textile mills have been raising both the money wages and the real wages of their operatives at the same time that they have lowered their hours per day, solely because new inventions and new methods introduced by the management so increased the output of goods per unit of labor and capital that not only could higher wages be paid but cloth could be sold to consumers at a much lower price. Industrial understanding requires us to look into that unmistakable happening.

It is found that the steady rise of wages

in the United States has been owing not to the pressure of labor unions but to the condition precedent of increasing efficiency of production. The rise began and developed long before the unions gained power; in fact they have recently ridden in on a tide with the existence of which they have no connection. Instead of there being opposition of interest between the factors of labor and of management, shown in a desire to lower wages, the dynamic course of events shows just the contrary. Increasing wages have arisen from increasing productivity that arose as a rule from the initiative, not of the workmen, but of the management. The hope of labor centres on the forces affecting efficiency of production. So far as workers increase their personal skill the gain should in justice go to them. But as in the common case of unskilled men employed on repetitive machinery and earning the wages of skilled men, if the increased output is owing to devices originating with the management, any consequent rise of wages is not owing to labor *per se*; it can come to labor only by indirect, competitive or humanitarian forces.

Enough has been said to enable us to emphasize the one essential principle touching the possibility of a better understanding between workers and employers. Instead of assuming a rigid relation between wages and

the price of the product and a consequent deadlock in the negotiations for wage schedules, we can assume that through focusing all attention on the means of increasing efficiency of production—both by workers and by management—we can set in action a power sufficient not only to raise wages but also to lower prices to the consumer. That objective, however, would require the abandonment of all "making work" and all methods of hampering a lowered expense of production.

Such a consummation is not a dream; it has come about countless times; it has been the characteristic of every great industry in the period of mechanical expansion. The growth of machine-made industries has made possible a vast increase of population employed at wages never before known. The rise of those industries and of wages has been owing to capitalism. Yet in crass ignorance of the forces that have won in the struggle against overpopulation and immigration and have held up the rate of wages we have the amazing exhibition of those very persons who have benefited lifting their hands to tear down the efficiency of production, the capitalism, the institutions, on which alone their well-being depends. Some industrial understanding would save many deluded visionaries from such self-destruction.

PAP'S BEAR GUM



DRAWINGS BY W. F. STECHER

By Charles Tenney Jackson

OLD "Pap" Briarly's celebrated bear trap, unbaited and unused from February when the old man had built it to November when he planned to set it, had gathered leaves and twigs in the dark recess of Bug Creek Cove until the mountain folk down in the settlements had long forgotten to tease the builder about his scheme to capture his traditional enemy up the ridge. Henry Daly stumbled on the spot when he was trying to break through the laurel down to the old creek trail, and he told Pap when he met him that the bears were giving it a wide berth when they crossed the cove.

"Well," said Pap, "I didn't build that b'ar gum for any crow-bait February b'ar; I built it for a fat November b'ar all fed up on nuts and berries for Christmas. More particularly I built it to catch that old one-eyed b'ar that busted my muzzle-loader and chewed my fingers four year ago when we had the big fight right in that old black gum log in Bug Creek. I'm goin' to catch him alive and tell him what I think o' such conduct."

Henry laughed. All the boys and their elders too knew the story of Pap Briarly's fight with the one-eyed bear. The creature had broken Pap's treasured old rifle, a relic

of pioneer days in the Carolina wilderness, and the old man had had to hunt afterwards with a breechloader, a weapon that he affected to despise. To keep him from telling the yarn over again Henry asked him just what he was planning to do to catch his one-eyed enemy.

The old man was silent for a few moments. "Didn't see any sign around my b'ar gum, hey?" he demanded at last. "Well, I'm glad of it. I don't want any b'ar snoopin' around there except the b'ar I'm after. He'll house up in that black gum log when the nights git colder, for it's his old roost. And after it's all choked up with brush ag'in he won't notice that anybody's tampered with his den."

"Well, why don't you lay up there and shoot him if he's goin' to come back?" protested Henry with a grin.

"I don't want to shoot old Pelt. I jest want to rope him up when I corner him in the gum and then haul him down here and teach him manners when he meets an old gentleman like me. And don't you boys go traipsin' around thar until me and old Pelt settle our argyment, Hank!"

Henry laughed again. Folks in the valley had laughed also when Mr. Briarly had labored a week building his bear "gum." Few

had seen it, for it was at an "ornery" place to get to. Henry had been out making a mental note of the best chestnut trees up the cove with an eye to gathering a sackful of nuts before the squirrels got them all when he had stumbled on the bear gum; and the same quest took him up the ridge the following week. The first real cold snap of the season had come, but the day was sunny and so clear that through the great pines clinging to the mountain side he could see the far blue valleys of the Great Smoky Range and could catch glimpses of the nearer fields a thousand feet below him. The overgrown trail took him out on a spur just above the boulder-choked gorge of Bug Creek, and he decided to fight a way down through the laurel and follow the mountain stream homeward.

"Comin' right down past Pap's bear gum in spite of promisin' to stay away from it," thought Henry. "Well, I reckon his old Pelt won't be scared off by just one more visit."

Under and over giant decaying trees crossed and twisted upon the gray rocks the Carolina boy descended. The banks of the stream rose so steep and were so thickly grown with knotted laurel that, once in the bed, he had to follow it until he struck the cross trail half a mile below. Not a bird or a squirrel disturbed the gloomy silence of the creek bed; the water itself was down so deep in matted leaves and debris that it was barely audible. Over the tangled cushion Henry bent his back and stumbled along.

Presently he stopped beside a long, moss-grown black gum log that lay aslant the rocks. Groping through the brush to the top of it, he walked along to where a stripped pole stood up perpendicularly through a hole in the log. He grinned and sat down by it. The stick was the bait trigger of Pap Briarly's famous bear trap. At the larger end of the log Henry saw the heavy plank door and the rude frame above it with the notched crosspiece in which a long sapling was to be fitted that would run over the bait pole to the trapdoor. It was in fact rather like a "figure-four" trap, or gum, as the mountain people term it; but instead of a flimsy box to hold a rabbit Pap had fixed his trapdoor to slide down snug past the squared end of the hollow log between stout posts that he had driven into the ground. If a bear crawled into the log and touched the trigger, the door would smash down across the exit. Pap had even weighted the thing with some scrap iron to make sure of its falling. A temporary prop was holding it up.

Henry walked along the big black gum log to the raised slide and lay down to peer round it into the hollow. Leaves were matted thick about the entrance, briars had grown up about the posts, and indeed the place looked as if no wily hunter had ever plotted months before to outwit bruin. How Pap was going to deal with old Pelt, the one-eyed, after he had been trapped puzzled Henry. The victor of the famous "b'ar fight" would be imprisoned in a good twenty feet or more of the hollow gum tree, and to yank him out alive would tax even Pap's ingenuity. "I reckon I'd rather stay outside and argy with him," Henry said to himself and grinned. "But Pap hasn't got him yet. I hope I'm around for the fun when he does get him!"

Henry picked up his squirrel rifle and had started to slide off the black gum log when he heard a sound. He sat back and listened. Something was stirring down the laurel-covered slope. A bear perhaps, scrambling across the brook from one side of the cove to the other?

Henry cocked his little rifle cautiously. Then he chuckled as a familiar blue cap bobbed into sight. "Well, if it isn't Pap himself! Reckon he's goin' to look over his doin's! He'll be mad when he sees me roostin' up here on his bear gum!"

The old hunter climbed all the way to the gum before he saw the boy. Then he frowned. "Well, you're mighty taken with my b'ar trap," he grumbled.

"I'm not shootin' around here! Just came down the creek. Say, Pap, you goin' to set the trigger for your old Pelt bear today?"

"Old Pelt's goin' to smell hawg meat and come a-runnin'," retorted Pap, laying down his gun and a bundle wrapped in newspapers.

"Say, let me stay and help you set the trigger, Pap!"

"Well, seein' you're here, Hank. But I don't want any o' them jibberin' fools down at the post office to know I'm baitin' for old Pelt. I'll warn 'em when I want some of the young men to help rope and tie my b'ar."

"Sure!" Henry understood and sympathized. Pap had been jibed enough about his grudge against the one-eyed bear of Bug Creek Cove. The boy raised the long set pole

"Well, you're mighty taken with my b'ar trap," he grumbled



from the brush and put it on the crotch of the bait pole. Pap shook his door and cleared away the leafy accumulation cautiously. Then they both crawled under the door and along to where the trigger projected down inside the big gum trunk; the hollow narrowed considerably at that place, but Pap lighted a pine shaving and by its light proceeded to wire his fresh pork to the end of the trigger.

"Now, a wise old mountain b'ar will go miles, Hank, when he smells fresh hawg meat. It's what he dreams of all summer, findin' somebody's shote, and he don't notice any traps when he gets pig on his mind."

Henry was pleased at being taken into Pap's confidence. Together they tested the bait pole and then adjusted the longer stick to the notch so that it would hold the door. Then Pap picked out his temporary prop, and the weight tightened the springy poles.

"Hangs like a gun trigger, don't it, boy?" said the old man. "I've a notion to spring it myself, seein' you're here to git me out. I'll crawl in the gum and yank the bait. When the door drops you can raise it by the chain over the top brace beam."

"S'pose I can't get the door up?" protested Henry.

"Why, you can pry it up with my crowbar if you have to. Come on now! I play b'ar, and then you let me out. I want to be sure the door drops solid when Pelt comes snoopin' in for his pork meat."

With some doubts Henry saw Pap disappear into the black gum log. The long horizontal pole above the log shook when Pap tugged at the vertical bait trigger inside, but it would not slip from the notch. Old Pap grumbled and tugged.

"Hold on, Pap!" cried Henry. "A bit of bark is wedged in your groove, and I'd better get it out before it jams the door tight when she falls!" He tried to loosen the stuff; then he crawled under the trapdoor to reach it better. Suddenly there came a crash and total darkness before his eyes!

"Whoopee!" yelled the old man. "I played b'ar that time!"

"Pap!" gasped Henry. "What'd you touch the trigger for? I'm inside too!"

Pap groped about in the leaves. "Inside? Well, that beats thunder! Get a stick, and we'll pry under that door!"

Henry felt about and then struck a match. There wasn't a thing in the trap save flimsy dead twigs and leaves. Pap crawled to the door and felt in vain for the lower edge. It had plowed deep into his leaf-filled trench. They could not get finger hold on the planks, which were two inches thick and which, moreover, had spikes clinched in the cross-pieces. Finally the old man sat back and looked at Henry by the light of a match.

"We couldn't pry it up if we had the crowbar—from this side." He crawled up to his bait trigger and shook it. A four-inch hole from which it protruded was the only opening. "Well," said Pap, sighing, "I reckon we can eat b'ar bait and drink spring water where it seeps in the other end o' this gum. You scared, Hank?"

"Scared?" grumbled Henry. "How we goin' to get out? Sittin' in a bear trap, eatin' bear bait, and nobody suspectin' where we went! Us inside and all the bears out!"

"It ain't nat'ral," said Pap. "It's gittin' nightfall, and nobody's goin' to hunt us up till late tomorrow, I'll bet! Anyhow I don't want 'em to find me in my own b'ar trap; folks'd laugh me outen the mountains!"

"Well, I don't care! They might not find us in a week, Pap!"

"You just curl up and snooze, Hank. In the mornin' the sunlight ought to get in the cracks a bit and show us how to scratch around."

Grumbling wearily, Henry crawled in the thick leaf drift to where the curve of the log fitted his back. Pap just sat where he was; he was too much disgusted to talk. His famous "b'ar gum" had been his secret pride. The last Henry remembered an hour later was old Pap vowing dire vengeance on old Pelt, the one-eyed bear that had got him into such a fix.

The boy awoke some time later, feeling a chill damp on his trousers. Sure enough he had settled down in the leaves where a seep of brook water entered the narrow, smashed top of the black gum log. As he was crawling past the bait trigger to find a drier bed he bumped his head on the low top; then he heard what sounded like a sudden scuffle and then a whine.

Instantly the mountain boy was alert. The sound was close by. He thought first of opossum; then came a familiar odor. "Bear somewhere, sure as shootin'!" he exclaimed.

He edged softly on into the leaf-choked,

narrowing hollow. Then swiftly came a crash followed by a tremendous roar so close that, startled, he struck the top of the log with his head. The noise seemed to be just under him. The next moment one of his hands went down through the matted, damp leaves into an open space. There was another hurried scuffle so close that he seemed to be in the midst of it, and then he heard Pap's startled shout: "O Hank! Whar you gone to?"

Pap was striking a match, and by the light of it he saw Henry's scared face.

"I broke through into a nest of 'em, Pap! Cubs—I heard 'em whinin'—"

"Broke through?"

Henry twisted some dry twigs into a tiny torch. "The gum log is all splintered up there where it's so narrow. And it's just above a rocky hole where some bear is layin' up. Didn't you hear 'em?"

"Hear 'em? Sounded like a regiment of 'em! No wonder they never come around the front end o' my b'ar gum! They've got a den under the other end!"

Henry crawled along holding his twig torch ahead of him. The smoke choked him, but when he reached the matted leaves and splintered wood where the gum log had smashed on the rocks long ago he hurled the burning stuff down into the crevice. A fresh uproar and panic-stricken flight answered it. Lying with his face to the crevice, Henry saw a furry object crouched among the rocks at one side of the large sink hole in the creek bed and at the other side a bear's face thrust into what must be the entrance to the den.

Suddenly the bear saw him and charged, stopping only to avoid the fire. Henry lost no time in retreating. The cub took a worried scramble about the den. Dense smoke had begun to pour up through the crack.

Pap came bumping into Henry. "You're smokin' us out here! Better stop that—"

"I'm smokin' 'em out!" Henry coughed and sneezed; then he wormed forward again to stare down. The fire was spreading among the litter in the bear's den. The cub was scrambling about in affright, and the old mother was growling in the entrance.

"Out o' there!" yelled Pap, although, lying behind Henry, he could see nothing; the old man was entirely too bulky to squeeze into the narrow end of the log. Coughing in the fumes, he dragged the boy back by the heels. "You get that b'ar den all ablazin' and we're goners, Hank!" he said. "The gum won't burn much, but it'll choke us in here!"

Henry was twisting round to get his feet toward the crevice. "I can slide out, Pap! I've got to, before that fire gets goin' too strong!"

"You'd better be careful," said Pap in a quavering voice. "An' old she-b'ar with cubs cornered up like that!"

But Henry was wriggling backward, twisting his legs down through the splintered crack. He panted and gasped as his shirt ridged across his chest. To become stuck in the wood smoke rising from the rocks would be disastrous. Pap lighted a match and saw Henry's bulging eyes; where the boy's legs were going Pap didn't know,—perhaps into fire, perhaps into the mouth of his one-eyed b'ar,—but he yelled advice: "Hurry out o' that, boy! If you can't make it, gi' me a hand back!"

But with a scared, exultant yell Henry dropped through. He had no more than time to glance round and dodge the snapping leaf fire when a wild-eyed bear cub charged past him and out through the exit. Henry dropped on his knees and watched; but he heard and saw nothing more. "No bear's goin' to climb in this hole with all that blaze, cub or no cub," he thought. Presently he moved cautiously over the rocky den and stuck his head out. The wind in the pines was the only sound except Pap's muffled yells back in his celebrated bear trap. Then Henry climbed the old gum log and went slowly on to the end. Dropping over, he groped about for the crowbar. "All right, Pap! I'm goin' to pry up your trapdoor and chunk it up with rocks. When you can get a handhold you get one!"

Old Pap Briarly sneezed and gasped as together they slowly raised the door of his bear trap. Then he wiggled under it into the fresh air and, sitting down among the leaves, sighed. Henry told him that the whole bear family had scooted for the brush and that the rear section of the bear gum would be burned wide open in no time.

"Well, it ain't that which makes me sore," complained Pap finally. "It's to think of old Pelt's lettin' me build a b'ar trap last spring and then fixin' up the other end of it for his family. Of all the b'ars in these mountains, Hank, that one-eyed b'ar is the contrariest and orneriest, and some day him and me are goin' to meet and have a terrible argyment!"



Do You Want a Bigger Bank Account?

Wouldn't More Money Make You Happy?

This old world would be a better place to live in if you had another \$5 to \$20 every week

I Can Get It For You

IT'S easy for people to talk. But it's pretty hard to keep happy and contented if your pocketbook is always running short.

Pretty hard to keep your spirits up if lack of money is always cheating you out of the little things you must have.

Every ambitious woman has some pent-up hope or longing that depends on money for its realization. And it's pretty hard to keep from getting blue and discouraged when you don't know where the money's coming from.

Maybe your long-denied ambition is to dress better. Maybe to own a home. Maybe to buy a car. Maybe to get a better education or to send a son or daughter to college. Maybe to pay old bills and get out of debt. Maybe to have a comfortable bank account as a reserve against emergencies or old age. Maybe it's to live better, to get more pleasure and enjoyment out of life.

But let's look the facts straight in the eye. No one will ever get anything in this life by wishing for it. There's only one sure way to have more money—that's by earning it yourself.

I can show you a way to do it. Just by using your spare time—time that so many women idle away. You earn it right in your own home. You don't take a single step away from your door.

All in Spare Time

No matter what your pet ambition may be, no matter what you want more money for, if an extra \$5 to \$10 or \$15 every week will make you happier, I can show you how to get it.

I have provided profitable and pleasant spare-time home-work for hundreds of people—both women and men. Now I want at least a thousand more.

The Work Is Interesting

Some of those who have taken it up tell me it is positively fascinating—more like a pastime than work. You can do it entirely at your own convenience—any time of the day or evening that happens handy—start and stop whenever you like. It needn't interfere a particle with your regular duties.

It's a work you can take pride in doing. From every angle an ideal way to turn your spare hours into dollars—knitting wool socks on our famous Home Profit Knitter. It is many times faster than hand-knitting. That's why this skillful little machine pays so well. That's why so many users of it call it their "Purse-Filler."

Fast or slow, just as you turn the handle, this skillful little knitter knits and shapes each sock from heel to toe. It knits either a ribbed or solid weave, and either a plain or fancy top.

You know the rage for wool hose. Everybody wearing them—men, women, children. There's a

steady year-round demand for the quality of socks so easily knitted on the Home Profit Knitter. That's why we want more and more home-workers who are willing to do spare-time knitting for us.

You Get Good Pay

You don't need to know a single thing about knitting to take up this work. We show you how. Complete instructions that make everything plain and clear come with the knitter. With practice, anyone who follows directions can soon be turning out perfect socks—and getting good pay for every pair.

The pay is sure. The Home Profit Hosiery Company guarantees to take every pair of socks you knit for us on a Home Profit Knitter in accordance with our simple instructions, and guarantees to pay you a fixed price for each pair as fast as you send them in. But if preferred, you can sell part or all of the socks you knit direct to friends or neighbors or local stores, at your own price.

Make Your Wish Come True

If you have been wishing you had more money coming in, here is your chance. All you need is a Home Profit Knitter, a little spare time, and the willingness to do your part. How much you earn will always be in proportion to how much time and effort you give the work. If you like, other members of the family can take turns with you and help you along—for with practice almost anyone can knit socks on the Home Profit Knitter.

Just send me your name and receive full information about this spare-time home-work plan that is bringing in extra money for so many others. That won't cost you anything. Yet it can easily make a vast difference in the happiness and satisfaction you get out of life—it can mean hundreds of dollars a year to you. Simply fill out and mail the coupon. Do it now—before you forget about it.

HOME PROFIT HOSIERY CO., Inc.

Dept. No. 92, 872 Hudson Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

COUPON

HOME PROFIT HOSIERY CO., Inc.
Dept. No. 92, 872 Hudson Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Send me full information about making money at home in my spare time with the Home Profit Knitter. I am enclosing 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, and I understand that I am not obligated in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Write Name and Address Plainly



A handsome stand of planted white pine

FACT AND COMMENT

THE LOVE OF TRUTH is not the same as the love of your own opinions.

To Clean the House with Broom and Clout
You need not turn it Inside Out.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS at a man's door not once but continuously. Whenever he chooses he may admit her.

THE POST OFFICE now assumes a risk of one hundred dollars on a piece of registered mail if the sender pays a fee of twenty cents. The old rate, which is still obtainable, is ten cents for insurance up to fifty dollars.

THE BUREAU OF FISHERIES has discovered a method of treating rope with a solution of copper that protects it from mould, rot and marine growths. To thousands of fishermen who now have to replace their ropes frequently it will be good news.

AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC OFFICERS, such as secretaries to an embassy, have had a wholly different status from consular officers. Under an act, passed at the recent session of Congress, the wall between the two services has been removed. Except the ministers and ambassadors themselves foreign representatives will hereafter be known as "officers" of the first, second or third class; they may be assigned either to consular or to diplomatic service and will receive \$9000, \$8000 or \$7000 a year, according to their class.

A COMMITTEE of the National Amateur Athletic Union has set down what it considers as standard physical performances for boys of various ages, and the War Department will use them in its ratings at the training camps this summer. For example, boys of fifteen to sixteen years of age will be rated "excellent" if they can run 110 yards in 13½ seconds, cover 13 feet in the broad jump and 4 feet 2 inches in the high jump, and vault 5 feet. The boys will not use spiked shoes or other special equipment in the tests.

THE SHORTAGE OF COAL may be of service to the consumer in one way. Several producers of soft coal who have found a profitable trade in household coal are preparing to keep their market. Straight "run-of-mine" soft coal is not a good household fuel, but sized lumps are. Producers who are so situated that they can ship to the Eastern territory are installing equipment to size their coal, and the hard-coal operators are worried lest some of their customers may not come back. In consequence the price of hard coal may drop.

IT IS WORTH INSISTING, as Professor Laughlin insists in his article in this issue of The Companion, that those who condemn "capitalism" are simply declaiming against the right of private property. Capital there must always be, for otherwise civilization of even the simplest sort is impossible. The question is, Shall private citizens own and control it, or shall it all be made state property? And if the government begins to seize capital, is it likely to stop—can it fairly stop—at railways, mills and mines, or will it also take over the title to business buildings, farm property and stock in trade? Has any man a right to anything beyond what will satisfy his simplest bodily needs? The theoretical communist says no; but if that is true, how hard will a man work beyond the minimum necessary to produce what the government says he may keep? If we are better off in material circumstances than our fathers were,

it is because "capitalism," or the right of private property, has for generations encouraged men to produce and reinvest a surplus.

WE NEED MORE TREES

AT a meeting of a Senate committee that is investigating our timber problem the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wallace, made some striking remarks. He estimated the original supply of timber when this country was first occupied by white men at five trillion, two hundred billion board feet. Less than a third of that remains, and most of what does remain is second growth and what he calls "stubble." Every year we cut for lumber and pulp and lose through fire twenty-six billion cubic feet of wood. The annual growth of our forests amounts to less than a quarter as much. Every year we cut over ten million acres. At that rate the last of our merchantable timber will be gone in another thirty or forty years. There are in the country eighty-one million acres of waste land once clothed with forests.

We have talked so long and so grandiloquently about our "inexhaustible forests" that even in the face of the figures it is hard for us to realize how near forest bankruptcy we are. But the matter presses; we cannot long delay reforestation if we wish not to be dependent on other countries for our lumber and our pulp. Trees do not grow overnight. Those that are planted today will scarcely reach maturity before our present standing timber is exhausted.

The Secretary of Agriculture is in earnest in recommending a national forest policy. He wants the national forests extended and managed so as to produce the largest possible amount of timber by means of systematic planting and of careful protection against fire. He wants forest experiment stations to carry out thorough research into the quickest and most economical ways of raising marketable timber. He wants the widest cooperation with farmers and owners of timberland in order to encourage them to replant systematically all of their land adapted to forest growth.

The national government is pretty well awake to the necessity of patient, persistent reforestation. Some of the states are beginning to see the light, and more will see it before long. The hardest job will be to arouse the private owner of possible timberland to his duty and his eventual profit. The fact that a timber crop grows so slowly that often only the next generation reaps it has discouraged a good many men from reforesting. But if the landowner will accustom himself to taking the long look and the broad look, he will find that by planting trees he can at small expense and trouble turn many an acre of waste, unprofitable land into a source of wealth to himself and his descendants, besides performing a real service to a country that already begins to feel the pinch of poverty in woodlands. Incidentally, state legislatures can help by revising the tax laws so as to keep the taxes light on growing timber and collect only when the stand is cut. The policy of increasing taxes on woodland that is growing in value but that is producing no income is bad; it has kept many an acre in scrub and brambles that might have been put into pine or spruce or oak or walnut.

THE FIRST AMERICANS

ETHNOLOGISTS have long courteously disputed the question, Who were the aborigines of America? For a long time it was believed that all the tribes and nations that the early discoverers found here were variations of a single stock, of which the red man of North America was taken to be the characteristic representative. Most students of ethnology thought he was more closely related to the Mongolian races of Asia than to any others, though there were many ingenious guesses at his origin, among them one that supposed him to be the descendant of the ten lost tribes of Israel.

But modern research holds that there were many waves of migration from Asia into America, most and perhaps all of which came across at the latitude of Bering Strait, possibly at a time when the two continents were joined at that point. It is not probable that the Eskimos of Greenland, the Iroquois and the Sioux of North America, the cultivated and artistic Mayas of Yucatan and Incas of Peru, the savage blackfellows of the Amazon Valley and the nomadic Patagians were ever of the same stock.

At the recent meeting of scientific societies

in Cambridge one of the speakers startled his hearers by suggesting that one of the early stocks to find its way into America was of a negro type, similar to that of the primitive Australians. The same speaker thought that the Eskimos are probably the remnant of the earliest Americans, and in spite of a certain resemblance in feature between the Eskimo and the Mongolian peoples that the nearest relatives of the Eskimo were the Nordic ancestors of the Scandinavian and the German people.

According to that theory a black or nearly black wave succeeded the first white emigration and was in turn followed by an Aryan and a Mongoloid stock. The last mentioned was the latest and in many respects the most advanced and has plainly left its mark on many of the most virile aboriginal tribes of America.

What was the origin of the remarkable culture of the Mayas and the Incas, who were the most advanced of all prehistoric Americans, no one knows with certainty. That it originated on this side of the Pacific is possible. Dr. LePlongeon indeed believed that all civilization began with the Mayas, and that they sent their missionaries to India, Chaldea and Egypt over the land continent of Atlantis; but no one now believes that. The architecture of the Mayas is so suggestive of the ruined architecture of Java that it is impossible to avoid a feeling that the two cultures may have had the same origin. In that case the Mayas would have been among the latest comers from Asia, later than the ancestors of our red Indians and those of the dark-skinned Aztecs of Mexico.

It is a fascinating subject, and ethnologists have only begun on it. Almost nothing is known with certainty; it is all theory as yet. Perhaps it must always remain so.

MAKING EXCUSES

PEOPLE generally regard the habit of making excuses as a bad one to get into, but if they are asked why it is a bad habit, they may not be ready with the answer. Some persons would probably say that it is bad because it encourages a man to shirk difficulties and obstacles instead of overcoming them; others that it is bad because it tends to destroy a man's sincerity as well as his strength; others that it is bad because it is an egotistical and tiresome habit, one that compels people to listen to explanations that they have no desire to hear. No doubt there is truth in all those reasons. If a person is self-indulgent, he is prone to make excuses, and the more successful in making excuses he is the more self-indulgent he is likely to become. If it is a trouble to him, as it usually is, to put forth his best efforts, he can find reasons why it is impossible for him to put forth his best efforts. He becomes more concerned with plausibility than with reality, and he begins to use his power of invention in a base manner. Thus insincerity grows upon him, even while he is scarcely aware of it.

And yet there is something to be said for the people who cannot resist the desire to excuse themselves when they feel they have been at fault. They are amiable people, they are sensitive, they wish not to wound other persons' feelings. A man who never makes excuses must be either so complacent that he never conceives of himself as at fault or so ruthless that he does not care what feelings he tramples on.

Awkwardness in making excuses oftentimes makes the fault the worse by the excuse, to paraphrase Shakespeare. If you must make excuses, don't be awkward about it.

THE RIGHT OF FREE SPEECH

THE trial of the Communists who were put under arrest for criminal syndicalism at the convention of the party held secretly among the sand dunes of southern Michigan last August brought before the courts and also before the tribunal of public opinion some questions that are of the greatest importance. For example: What, exactly, do our American Communists, of whom Mr. W. Z. Foster is the most conspicuous, believe? Do they regularly submit to direction from the Third International at Moscow? Does the constitutional guaranty of free speech permit a man publicly to urge that the government be overthrown by force? How far may the government go in protecting itself against men who are preaching a determined propaganda of revolution?

Of those questions the last two are the

most perplexing. To the ordinary mind they become especially confusing because the Communists who relied in court on the right of free speech do not themselves believe in it. They have never pretended that, if they were themselves in power, they would permit their enemies to exercise any such right; and in Russia, where they are actually in power, they forbid the publication of any paper that opposes communism and punish severely anyone who tries to arouse public sentiment against the "dictatorship of the proletariat." A person can hardly be more than lukewarm about according to such men and women a right that they would frankly deny to others.

But what is that right? Beyond question a man may speak in favor of any form of political or social organization that he believes in. He may do his best to convince others that the régime he approves is fairer, juster, better, than the one that exists. He may organize his friends politically to bring about the changes in government that he desires. On the other hand, it is evident that no government can be expected to remain passive in the face of a forcible attempt to overthrow it. While it has life it will not stand helpless and allow its throat to be cut. Since it must resist armed rebellion, shall it permit its enemies publicly to advocate and urge armed rebellion? Almost everyone will agree that the right of free speech does not cover that kind of rhetoric, though in practice a government will be guided by circumstances and will often permit one speaker or even a few speakers, whom it does not regard as dangerous, to say things for which it would send more influential and persuasive orators to jail. But a man who means to take up arms against his government or to encourage others to do it must not expect to be sheltered by a privilege that was established to obtain the advantages of a government answerable to reason and to argument and not simply to force.

The Michigan trials will help to clear the public mind on what Communist doctrine really is. They will help us also to decide whether the things that the Communists say are fair discussions of their own and other political doctrines, or whether they are open incitements to violence and armed revolution. The jury will answer those questions so far as the courts of law are concerned, but we hope our readers have read the accounts of the trials carefully enough to have their own opinion. In the end it is not this or that panel of jurors but the nation at large that must decide what shall be done about communism and the proletarian revolution.

A TURK FOR A GREEK

AMONG the matters settled by common consent at Lausanne, but held at present in abeyance by reason of the refusal of the Turkish Assembly at Angora to ratify the treaty, is the fate of the Greek minorities in Asia Minor and the Turkish minorities in Macedonia. There are several hundred thousand people in each of those classes, and the enmity between the two nations is so deep-seated and so bitter that the minorities in either country are continually exposed to persecution. The existence of those foreign elements in Turkish and in Greek territory greatly increases the danger of war between the two countries; it is the opinion of many, perhaps of most, unprejudiced observers that there can never be any real peace in the Near East so long as Moslems continue to rule over Christians or Christians over Moslems. The treaty of Sévres undertook to settle the question by setting the Christian minorities in Turkey free or assigning the districts in which they live to one or another of the Western nations. But the Turks have torn up the treaty of Sévres and driven the Greek army out of Asia Minor; and the European nations will not go to war to restore the settlement they made in 1919.

What then is to be done? At Lausanne the diplomats listened to a plan suggested by Dr. Nansen on behalf of the League of Nations to exchange the Greek population of Asia Minor for the Turkish population of Macedonia. The Turks favored it from the first. They ask nothing better than to get the Greeks out of the Levant, however it be done. We can hardly understand how the Greeks can be satisfied with the arrangement, but their government was apparently too discouraged and too nerveless to make any effective protest. The allied representatives, more interested in their own affairs, seem to have jumped at the chance to get

rid of a difficult problem by means of a solution proposed by the League of Nations.

The transfer of populations is planned to occur this spring. Whenever it does occur—supposing that some form of treaty containing that provision is finally adopted—it will be a difficult and costly undertaking and will surely work hardship to a good many persons. The Turks in Macedonia are mostly peasants whose possessions are few and easily moved. They will suffer comparatively little, though even for a people of nomadic instincts like the Turks it is not a simple matter to be uprooted from their homes and removed to a country that is already occupied, in which spare land that is valuable cannot exist in any quantity.

But the lot of the Greeks in the Levant is harder. They are largely merchants and business men. Many of them will be ruined. All will lose most of their property and must find a new foothold in a country where the business opportunities are comparatively few and poor. It will mean too the final expulsion of the Greek race from Ionia, one of the earliest seats of Greek culture, where it has maintained a foothold for thousands of years. It will be one of the tragic episodes of history, even if the transfer be accomplished systematically and with as little hardship as possible; and it is a discouraging commentary on allied statesmanship that after fighting a victorious war it has let itself be manoeuvred into a position where it has to consent to such a humiliating arrangement.

When the Greeks are gone the rich commerce of the Levant is likely to fall into the hands of the Jews or of merchants from Western Europe, for the Turk has never shown either inclination or capacity for business.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

A Sequel to A Message to Chief Joseph

Mr. Robertson has written and *The Companion* has purchased a new story about Leander and Remorse and Brogan. It centres on the famous retreat of Chief Joseph, the "Indian Napoleon," and is as full of thrills as an egg is of meat. Its title is

Buffalo Horn

The Companion has also purchased and will soon use

Strength in Union

a fable for farmers by the Hon. Maurice F. Egan, formerly American ambassador to Denmark

Our Pearl Buttons

by Dr. E. P. Churchill, Jr.

The Eskimo Dog

by Donald B. MacMillan, the eminent Arctic explorer

CURRENT EVENTS

WE learn from a statement issued from the White House that the number of government employees is 102,101 less than it was on March 4, 1921. More than 88,000 have been dropped from the War and Navy departments alone, with the return of those departments to a normal peace basis.

THE navy is about to complete the huge dirigible balloon that bears the uninteresting name of ZR-1. Admiral Moffett says it will be in commission by July 1. He intends to send it round the country on a number of trial trips, so that it can be seen by the people of our principal cities as well as by those of the intervening country; and he suggests that it may then undertake a trip round the world or across the polar regions, north and south. It is intended to inflate the balloon with helium whenever that is possible. Whether there is enough helium in storage to carry out Admiral Moffett's plans we do not know,

though if there is there will be little left. Helium is not easily produced in quantity, but it has the great advantage of being unflammable. The navy will of course use every precaution to keep the ZR-1 from accident. If it should meet the tragic fate of the ZR-2, which was wrecked at Hull, England, and of the Roma, which was burned at Hampton Roads, we believe it would be a long time before the United States would build another "rigid dirigible."

LENINE is constantly being reported as sick, convalescent, well, and sick again. Now it is declared—authoritatively from Moscow—that he has had an apoplectic shock. It is hardly possible that the Russian premier can so far recover as to carry the burden of government as he has carried it for the last five years. What will happen when he drops out? Who will seize the reins? Will Russia move toward conservatism, or will the advanced communists insist on overturning even the moderate concessions that Lenin has made to the principle of private property? No one knows.

AT the request of the Free State government the British authorities recently arrested and deported to Ireland perhaps a hundred Irishmen who are believed to have been carrying on plots and conspiracies against the Irish Free State from their hiding places in England and Scotland. It is hinted that some of the arrested men are communists and were plotting against the British as well as against the Irish government. The Free State does not mean to fall through indecision or feebleness. Its course in calling on Britain to help in rounding up its enemies is bold, for it risks offending the sensitiveness of Irish feeling. Not all the supporters of the Free State have learned to think of Britain as a friend rather than an enemy. But boldness in this case appears to have been justified. The loudest protests in the matter have come not from Ireland but from the Labor party in England, which professes to fear that the summary arrests have included a number of men who are guilty of nothing except disapproval of the existing government either in Ireland or in Great Britain.

LADY ASTOR is a frequent—and legitimate—occupant of the front page of the daily newspaper. She has recently gained a conspicuous victory in Parliament by getting a big majority for her bill making it illegal to sell liquor to boys or girls under eighteen. That does not seem sensational legislation on our side of the water, but the House of Commons, especially when under Tory control, is careful about passing bills that affect injuriously any "vested interest," and no one dreamed that the Astor bill would get a majority of more than six to one—as it did. Another event that set Great Britain talking was Lady Astor's dinner party at which the guests included King George and Queen Mary and three or four well-known Labor politicians and their wives. After the ice had been broken by the young American viscountess the King invited Mr. Macdonald, the parliamentary leader of the Labor party, to dine at Buckingham Palace, whither he went in knee breeches, according to the custom. The exchange of amenities has been viewed with much suspicion by some irreconcilable Labor men, who think that the independence of their representatives has somehow been compromised. The Labor press, however, and, so far as can be judged, the general sentiment of the party, have not been outraged by the social complaisance of the Labor leader.

IT appears that Mr. Lloyd George has made up his mind that the political party of the centre, which he was ambitious to organize and lead, has no chance in the present state of British opinion. The moderate Conservatives, who stood by him when he went out of office, are steadily moving toward their old party; he can count on few of them. Mr. Asquith, spokesman for the old Liberals, will not listen to the idea of a centre party; the organization must be Liberal in the traditional fashion if he and his friends are to join it. We are watching the manoeuvres of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George with attention and interest; we expect in the end to see them reconciled in the bosom of a rejuvenated Liberal party. If they are not, the elements that composed the old Liberal organization will drift one way or the other—either into Conservatism or into the camp of Labor.

WINCHESTER

TRADE MARK

ROLLER SKATES



Strength!
Speed!

SPIN over the pavement on Winchester Roller Skates, just as you glided over the ice last Winter. Here—there—back again—Winchesters roll you on flying feet.

—Because they are Winchester made.

Like Winchester guns, these Winchester skates are built on honor to stand the gaff.

Their clamps grip like a bulldog's jaws. Their steel disc rollers—hard and fast and true—spin like greased lighting on double ball-bearings.

When you're off on an errand or out for fun, Winchester Roller Skates add zip and go. You know you are shod with the fastest and finest—the kind that Champions use.

5000 Hardware Stores display this sign on their windows:

THE WINCHESTER STORE

They sell Winchester Roller Skates, Pocket Knives, Flashlights, Rifles, Fishing Tackle, etc.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Come One! Come All!

Clean Up!

and keep it up—

Make your Town a Spotless Town!

use **SAPOLIO**

439 WEST ST. NEW YORK

Keep Your Skin - Pores Active and Healthy With Cuticura Soap

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 5c. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories Dept. T, Malden, Mass.

12 Months to Pay

You can easily earn money for the small payments. Parents often advance first payment to help buy a bicycle, car, typewriter, etc. Factory to dealer prices. Delivered FREE, express prepaid, for 30 DAYS TRIAL. Terms to suit—cash or easy payments. Tires, lamps, wheels, horns, repairs and equipment at half usual prices. SEND NO MONEY. Write today for our big, Free Catalog and marvelous prices.

Mead Cycle Company Write us today for free catalog Dept. T-30 Chicago



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



FAIRY SHOES

By Annette Wynne

*The little shoes that fairies wear
Are very small indeed,
No larger than a violet bud,
As tiny as a seed.*

*The little shoes that fairies wear
Are very trim and neat;
They leave no tracks behind for those
Who search along the street.*

*The little shoes of fairies are
So light and soft and small
That though a million passed you by
You would not hear at all.*



THE UNSOCIALE GARDEN

By Nancy Byrd Turner

It was not really the garden that was unsociable; it was the gardener. The ranks of bright flowers, bordered neatly with shining white shells, seemed to nod hospitably as if they would welcome a visitor; but Mary Millikin, the owner of the garden, scowled as she walked up and down, picking pansies.

She had planted that garden herself, and day after day she tended it faithfully. "It is mine," she would say. "I don't want other children in here; they would romp and ruin the flowers."

So when she had company she did not even mention the garden. Of course the company knew perfectly well what was behind the high wall and the tight little gate; but they never said anything about it.

As Mary picked her pansies she sang a jerky little tune. There was a cross note in the tune here and there, for, if the truth must be told, Mary was feeling lonely and unhappy. She had not had any callers for a long time; perhaps she guessed the reason why. "All the same," she grumbled, "I can't let children into my garden." Then she added suddenly in a loud, cross tone, "O dear, I certainly wish I had somebody to talk to!"

"Well, here is somebody," said a voice directly above her.

Looking up in astonishment, Mary saw a small boy perched on the garden wall. The boy was a stranger to her. For fully half a minute the two stared at each other in silence. Then Mary said decidedly, "I don't allow children in this garden."

"Oho," the stranger replied. "You're in that garden; what do you call yourself?"

Mary turned as red as one of her roses. "But I am Mary Millikin," she said. "I belong here."

The boy did not answer; he grasped the edge of the wall and rocked himself gently to and fro.

"Be careful!" Mary said sharply. "First thing you know you'll be in my garden." As she spoke her face turned redder than ever; she had not realized that she could be so rude.

The boy on the wall grinned saucily. "Never fear," he said and rocked faster and faster. "I don't want to go into your garden, Mistress Contrary Mary. I shall never, never go into your garden as long as I live."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when into her garden he came. 'Twas a very sudden coming. One moment he was on top of the wall; the next moment he was sprawling among the shells and flowers.

At first there was silence. Mary stood staring at the boy, and the boy, flat on his back, stared back at Mary. Then, just as the little girl opened her lips to make an angry remark, the boy began to shake with laughter. He tried to stop, but the more he tried the more he shook.

"Now I am going to be very angry indeed," Mary thought. She did not move a muscle,



"Well, here is somebody"

but gazed solemnly at him with serious, round eyes. "I will shame him," she said to herself. "That's what I will do."

But that only seemed to make the boy laugh all the more. Every time he glanced at Mary he went off into a fresh peal of laughter. He stuffed his fist into his mouth, but that did no good; he spluttered and squirmed and choked. Even the flowers began to shake.

Still Mary stared solemnly. Then all at once she gave a violent sneeze; the sneeze came so suddenly that she could not help herself.

It nearly finished the boy on the ground. With one loud squawk he rolled over on his stomach, face down among the flowers. "O me! O me!" he gasped. "You—you looked exactly like an owl. And then you sn-sneezed!"

Mary's face twitched. "O dear," she thought uneasily, "I hope I'm not going to laugh." An instant later she thought, "Oh, I am going to!" Then she gave a gasp. "Oh, I'm laughing!"

In less time than it takes to tell it she was laughing as hard as the boy; in fact, she flopped down on the grass, almost among the flowers, and laughed until she cried. The two of them made such a noise that they frightened away seven English sparrows and a number of robins, which flew to the top of the highest tree to talk the matter over.

At last the little boy sat up and blinked at the little girl. "My name is Humphrey—Humphrey for short," he said. "We've just come to live in the house on the next hill. I—I didn't mean to come into your garden, you know."

Mary hung her head; never in her life had she felt so ashamed. "But you are in," she said. "Please stay."

Humphrey got up and dusted off his clothes. "I know three brand-new games," he remarked. "But then," he added, "it takes more than two to play them."

Mary's face was shining. "Oh, tell me what



Queer Mr. Oak * By Beulah Rose Stevens

Old Mr. Oak is quite a joke,
He really seems like human folk.
He has a trunk and limbs as well;
And I have heard some wise folks
tell

That he has such a tender heart
His sappy tears are like to start.
For instance, when Miss April
grieves
He always makes a bow and leaves!

they are," she begged. "And I will have a garden party and invite ten people. That will be enough to play the games."

So Humpty told Mary the games, and Mary had the garden party. After that the garden was no longer unsociable, and Mary Millikin found out that other children loved flowers just as much as she loved them and that they would not romp and ruin them any more than she would—not for anything in the world.

THE RED-HEADED FAIRY

By Carol Hoff

WHO ever heard of a red-headed fairy? The land of fairy folk was all astir about Rilda. Never in all the time that Lilla the Fair had been queen had there happened to be such an amazing fairy child. Even her coming had been mysterious. One evening a big yellow buttercup opened, and there curled in its heart, with her head pillowed on one tiny hand, lay a little red-headed, freckle-faced fairy named Rilda. That is all anyone knew of her.

Maybe the buttercup seed had been carried too far by the daring winds and Rilda should have belonged to the frolicsome Elves or to the naughty Imps. For who ever heard of a red-headed fairy with freckles sprinkled all over her little nose?

What was she to do? She did not belong with the curly-haired, blue-eyed fairies who whispered funny things to babies to make

DRAWINGS BY DECIE MERWIN



The next moment he was sprawling among the shells and flowers

IF I WERE RICH

By E. W. Frenz

*If I were rich as some men,
There's one thing I should do:
I'd buy up cat-and-dog stores
And break up every zoo.*

*I'd free imprisoned parrots
And turn the rabbits loose
In endless fields of carrots,
Far, far from net and noose;*

*And then I'd buy a circus
And open every pen,
And give the seats to animals
And fill the ring with men.*

*And when the lion ordered
And cracked his lively whip,
I guess the beasts would all be glad
To see the people skip.*

them laugh and coo. And she could not go with the dancing, black-haired fairies who put merry thoughts into the little boys' heads; or with the soft brown-haired fairies whose duty it is to help the bees gather honey; or with any of the happy little folk of every size and color who care for the flowers; and of course no one in Queen Lilla's land can be idle. Not even the little cobblers and carpenters and silversmiths who work in the fairy tool shop and make wishing rings, magic boots and invisible caps could give her employment.

That is why all the fairy folk were assembled at the foot of the giant oak, without even waiting for the full of the moon; and that is why the katydid and cricket orchestra was especially musical, with occasional deep bass notes from grandfather bullfrogs: kerplunk, kerplunk, kerplunk. But a sudden hush fell on them all when Rilda, a slim, defiant figure of a fairy, was led before Queen Lilla, who was kind but firm, as a queen should be.

"You may have the freedom of the world, Rilda," she decreed, "until next new moon. But you may not fill your wand with power until you have found work to do."

Now everyone knows that a fairy whose wand is empty of power is worse off than a man without a country. So Rilda clenched her little fists and choked back a sob and set out bravely on her quest for a place in the world. Many days she sought through many lands in vain. Everything from the tiniest rippling water to the most perverse of men had its own special fairy. Rilda grew discouraged over her task, and when the new moon came she resolved not to return to be an outcast. But while she was searching for a hiding place she stumbled upon a weedy path and followed it until she came to the sign that told its name. She saw that the path had once been beautiful with flowers, but now she had to push her way through thorns until she reached the end. *The Road of Homely Hearts*, the sign read. Rilda clapped her hands joyously, for at last she had found work.

Again the fairies were assembled under the great oak, and when the silver of moon peeped through the branches it saw hundreds of little people dancing before the queen, people who scarcely concealed their eager impatience to receive Rilda. And then Rilda, with her little dress torn and her face scratched by thorns, rushed through the circle and knelt, pleading, before the queen.

"O Lilla!" she cried. "The Road of Homely Hearts is all choked up with weeds of Neglect and undergrowth of Selfishness. Dark branches of Despair must be cut away from overhead before you can see the sky. Oh, the poor tired mothers who must travel that road! And the discouraged fathers! And the frightened little children! O queen," she pleaded, "they are all weary, and there is no one to make the road pretty with flowers of Loving Kindness and Sweet Helpfulness. Let me help, Lilla the Fair, please!"

Lilla winked away a teardrop. "I am sorry that we have been forgetful of so important a duty, Rilda," she said, raising the pleading figure. "Bless the buttercup that brought you."

And then there was a grand procession, with the frogs playing "Kerplunk, kerplunk,

kerplunk, plunk, plunk" for everyone to march by, and with a fleet of will-o'-the-wisps to light the way, as Lilla led Rilda to the cave under a misty waterfall where the fairies keep their power. And Lilla unlocked the strong gold chest that held the power, slipped the star from the top of Rilda's wand and filled it full of power!

So when you warm daddy's slippers for him on a cold winter's night or run errands for mother or say a kind word to a little playmate you are one of Rilda's helpers. Rilda has waved her wand, and you are planting a flower of Loving Kindness on the Road of Homely Hearts.

THE RIVAL CLOCKS

By Grace Irene Carroll

A little brass clock on the mantelpiece stood, And very important he'd be if he could.

"Tick-tick-tick," he said as the seconds sped past,

"I am using up minutes and hours so fast!

"That grandfather clock in the corner, sedate, Is poky; he makes me a poor running mate; I get way ahead," said the little brass clock.

"Tick," said the grandfather solemnly; "tock."

"Tick," he went on quite reposefully; "tock." Tall in the corner and firm as a rock.

"Though I stand on the floor and you stand on the shelf, You will find I keep time quite as well as yourself."

But the little brass pendulum, forward and back,

Kept saucily swinging and saying tick-tack, As if asking all hearers to make their own choice

'Twixt his clack and old grandfather's dignified voice.

So they each clicked away at his own chosen gait,

And the minute hand circled the big dial plate.

"Tick-tick-tick, tick-tick," said the little brass clock.

"Tick," said the leisurely grandfather; "tock."

The hour hands climbed up to twelve before long,

And each of the rivals broke out into song, And both began striking, each other to mock,

"Tick-tick-tick, tick-tick-tick, tick-tick-tick—tock."

SOME BIRTHDAY SURPRISES

By Rosalee Hawthorne

MERRY and Jerry were twins. They would soon be eight years old, for their birthday came on May Day and it was April now. Both of the twins looked forward to their double birthday almost as eagerly as they looked forward to Christmas.

Every year they planned some little surprise for each other, but this year it was different. It was the first year that they had had an allowance, and Jerry intended to buy Merry a real present. During the week the twins did various little chores in return for their allowance of fifteen cents, which their mother gave them on Saturdays. When their allowance first began both of them made many mistakes in spending it. They bought candy and peanuts, which were all gone in a few hours. Then when they wanted something that they could keep they had no money left to buy it with. But they soon learned how to spend more wisely, and when Jerry decided to buy Merry a real present for her birthday he began to save his cents and nickels carefully.

The twins had been so much in the habit of sharing each other's plans that it was hard for Jerry to keep Merry's birthday present a secret from her; and Merry couldn't understand why Jerry was getting so stingy. He wouldn't spend a cent for anything, yet he used to be so generous! She felt hurt,

and of course Jerry could not explain without spoiling his surprise. Then Jerry began to notice that Merry was not spending any of her allowance either. She wouldn't buy things to share with him as she had always done before.

"Merry thinks I am growing stingy, and she is just trying to pay me back," he thought to himself. "My! Won't she be surprised when she finds out that it was a present instead of stinginess that made me save my money!"

A week before the twins' birthday Jerry decided what he should buy for Merry. They were both standing in front of a store window looking at the display of toys when Jerry's eyes fell on a beautiful painting box. There were all colors of paints, all sizes of brushes, a book full of pictures to paint and some drawing paper, all packed in a neat wooden box. Oh, how Jerry wanted a painting set like that for his very own! Just then Merry spied the outfit too.

"O Jerry!" she cried. "Just look at that painting set. Isn't it a beauty! Oh, how I wish I could have one! Wouldn't you just love to have one?"

"I should say I should!" exclaimed Jerry. And right then he decided to buy that painting outfit for Merry's birthday present if he had enough money saved to pay for it. Of course he couldn't go in then and ask the storekeeper how much it cost, for Merry was with him. But two days later he went to the store again with all the money he had saved. When he stopped to look in the window what do you suppose had happened? The box of paints was gone!

Jerry's disappointment almost made him ache. But he still hoped; and so he went into the store and asked the storekeeper about the painting set that he had seen in the window.

"We sold it yesterday," the storekeeper said; but when he saw how unhappy Jerry looked he hastened to add, "But we have another one just like it in the back of the store."

He showed Jerry the paints and told him how much they would cost. Jerry had saved more than enough money to pay for them, and a few minutes later he walked happily out of the store with the precious box of paints under his arm. In his pocket there still jingled a few nickels.

It seemed both to Merry and to Jerry that their birthday would never come, but of course it did come, and such an exciting time as that was! When they started to sit down to breakfast they nearly tumbled over something that looked like a giant pie. It was on the floor between their chairs. It had pink and green ribbons coming out of the make-believe crust. The pink ribbons were tied to Merry's chair, the green ribbons to Jerry's.

"Pull one and see what happens," said their mother.

Jerry pulled one and through the crust came a little package. He opened it. It was a knife. Then Merry pulled. Her package held a lovely little Japanese doll. The twins took turns pulling until suddenly Merry squealed, "Oh, oh, I have pulled the wrong package!" In her hand was the painting outfit.

"No, you haven't!" chuckled Jerry, busily unwrapping one of his own presents. Then his mouth opened wide in astonishment. In his hand was another painting set just like Merry's.

"Why, I went to the store and bought that box of paints for you the very next day after we saw it," said Merry.

"And I went in the very next day after that and bought one for you!" cried Jerry, and so in a few moments everything was explained. Each twin had saved money to buy a present for the other; each had known that the other wanted the painting set and each had bought one; and the night before their birthday each of them had given their mother a box of paints to put with the other presents.

So Jerry gave Merry what she wanted most, and Merry gave Jerry what he wanted most, and both of them had the happiest birthday that they had ever had.

Good Tenants * By Daisy D. Stephenson

We built a little bird house;
'Twas tidy and so strong!
And then we made a little sign:
"The rent is just a song."

Two bluebirds looked it over;
It seemed the finest chance!
They moved right in, and to our joy
They paid us in advance!

SCHOOL & CAMP

The School Directory Department of The Youth's Companion will gladly send to parents or others requesting it the catalogue of any Academy, Seminary, Military School, Business College, Art, Scientific, Music or Normal School, College or University.

If you wish definite information and advice concerning a school please give age, whether Boys', Girls', Coeducational or Professional School is desired, and something of previous training and future ambitions.

WORCESTER ACADEMY

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

FOR BOYS OF ABILITY

WITH COLLEGE VISION



CAMP WONPOSET

Bantam Lake, Connecticut

The camp for young boys in the Berkshires. 100 miles from New York City. Elevation 1000 feet. Write for Camp Books.

ROBERT L. TINDALE, 31 East 71st Street, NEW YORK

CHENANGO-ON-OTSEGO

For Boys 6 to 16 | On beautiful Otsego Lake | A Parent Writes: "My son... tells us very enthusiastic stories of the good treatment and care which he received." All sports and horseback riding. 10th season. Personal interview—Hotel McAlpin, N. Y. City. E. A. FISHER, 24 North Terrace, Maplewood, N. J.

NESHOBE A CAMP FOR GIRLS

on Fairlee Lake, So. Fairlee, Vt. 9 joyous weeks of fun. Beautiful location. Attractive bungalows. Write for illustrated booklet. Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Osgood, 304 Chestnut St., Clinton, Mass.

MECHANO THE WONDER CAMP

A mechanical paradise for boys. All the usual camp activities, plus. Send for illustrated booklet. SOUTH CASCO, MAINE. ON LAKE SEBAGO EDWARD BRADFORD BLAKELY, Director.

Electricity

Free Railroad Fare Great Shops of Coyne. Complete in 8 months. Enter anytime. Special limited offer. Drafting—Radio fees. SEND FOR BIG FREE CATALOG! Act NOW! Coyne Electrical School, Dept. 23-94, 1300-1310 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

CORNETISTS

who have trouble with WEAK LIPS or HIGH TONES should send for our BOOK OF POINTERS. Sent Free. Virtuoso Cornet School, Buffalo, N. Y. DEPT. Y

\$80 Drafting Course

FREE If you accept an offer I am making now you need not pay for the course. I am doing this in order to enable deserving and ambitious men to get into this profession. I will also guarantee to train you until you are placed in a position drawing a salary of \$250.00 a month. Besides I will give you a free complete set of drawing instruments worth \$25.00. Write me for full information. Chief Draftsman Bobo, 1051 Lawrence Ave., Dept. 23-94, Chicago

The Coming of the Flowers

The Planting of the Trees SIMPLE AND ATTRACTIVE PLAYS FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN

Reprinted from The Children's Page of The Youth's Companion with added music and suggestions for costumes.

The price of each play is 15 cents

Send orders to the Editor of The Children's Page, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

BOYS!!

LEARN HOW TO PLAY ANY TUNE IN ONE AFTERNOON

FREE Complete instructions for making real music with a Hohner Harmonica (Mouth Organ) sent free to any American boy.

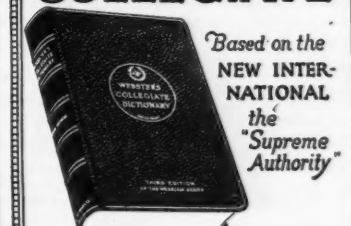
First learn the scale—"do, re, mi, fa," etc. Then try "Home Sweet Home." Diagrams and full explanations show you how you can do this easily with a

HOHNER HARMONICA After you've done this you can play any tune you can whistle—with chords and full accompaniment. Harmonica is most popular music on the radio. Biggest hit of the year in New York Orchestras. Be the first boy in your neighborhood to play a harmonica well.

Anticipate your folks and friends. Be sure to ask at the music goods store, general store, stationery or drug store in your town for a Hohner Harmonica—10c and up. Write us this minute and say "Send me Hohner Harmonica instructions" and give your name and address. Write now, to: M. HOHNER, Dept. 16, 115 E. 16th St., New York City

MARINE BAND U.S. PATENT AUG. 24-1921

"Here's that treasure of a dictionary. WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE"



Based on the NEW INTERNATIONAL the "Supreme Authority"

One might write a book on the excellences of this BEST abridgment. An eminent educator says: "Certainly a gold mine about words, places, people. Only a little less valuable than the New International." It has a wonderful vocabulary—over 100,000 words—complete definitions, adequate etymologies, and uses the familiar Webster diacritical marks. 1256 Pages. 1700 Illustrations. The Thin-Paper Edition is so light, so handy, so well printed that it is a real pleasure to use it.

Art Canvas, \$5.00 Fabrikoid, \$6.00 Leather, \$7.50

Guaranteed or money returned. Order from your Bookseller or write to the Publishers. Free Specimen Pages if you name Y. C.

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Handsome FREE Wrist Watch

Guaranteed Time Keeper. Given for selling only 30 cards of Dress Snap-Fasteners at 10c per card. Easily Sold. EARN BIG MONEY OR PREMIUMS. Order your cards TO-DAY. Send no money. We trust you till goods are sold. AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO. Box 60-Z Lancaster, Pa.

ASTHMA

IF YOU WANT the latest information as to methods of relief and successful establishment of PERMANENT CURE write for the Hayes Bulletin Y-231, sent free.

DOCTOR HAYES BUFFALO NEW YORK

WHY NOT spend Spring, Summer and Fall gathering butterflies, insects? I buy hundreds of kinds for collections. Some worth \$1 to \$7 each. Simple outdoor work with my instructions, pictures, price list. Send 10c (not stamps) for my Illustrated Prospectus before sending butterflies. MR. SINGLETON, Dealer in Insects, Dept. T1, Ocean Park, California

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies, Vaudeville Acts, How to Stage a Play and Reviews, Min-strel Opening Chorus, Ducky Plays. Catalog FREE. T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. T1, CHICAGO

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy. Mrs. Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

STAMPS 100 Foreign all diff. Free. Postage 3c. 1,000 hinges 10c. List Free. Q. STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

THE EYES OF THE BLIND

By Ella Grandom Smith



*I have a friend, the sweetest friend
That ever you could find,
And, though he lights the way for me,
They tell me he is blind;*

*But, oh! I know my friend can see
Much more than I or you;
We are the sightless; he is blessed
With visions ever new.*

*So quiet, so serene his face,
His smile so quick, so bright—
He sees beyond the things we touch
And needs no earthly light.*

*His spirit bears him on, although
He knows not night from day;
The shining beauty of his soul
Lights all the darkened way.*

*Our fleshly eyes that have not seen
The glory yet to come
Can never follow such as he
When he shall reach his Home.*

*The joys to us so new and strange,
The radiance and the song,
To him will be but old-time things
That he has loved so long.*

*Soul blind and groping for the peace
That he—who sees—has won,
We know when we would guide his steps
'Tis he who leads us on.*

THE RUNAWAY ENGINE

HE was called Greasy Jim because, being the master of a threshing machine, he was covered with grease and dirt throughout the season. However, the nickname did not imply contempt for the quiet man who did his work so well.

At last the season was over. The big engine, separator and water tank left for the night in the lot behind the outbuildings made a spectacle so imposing as to draw to their side every boy in the neighborhood.

The next morning Jim went out to get up steam to pull the separator into the shed. A fire was soon roaring, and he went back into the house. An hour passed. He did not notice the excited schoolboys, still discussing the machines.

"Here's where he pulls the whistle," said one. "I bet I could start her and guide her too," said another. "You start her! You couldn't start a wagon downhill!" "Couldn't I, though! Here's what he pulls. I've seen him do it many a time." And with both hands the boy grasped the big lever and tugged till he got the throttle open.

Jim was just finishing breakfast when suddenly there was a fearful noise. Crack! Bang! Rip! He rushed to the lot. Before he had covered half the distance to it he saw what had happened. That boys might pull the throttle had never occurred to him; he had built the fire and left the engine with rising steam. When the boy had opened the throttle the big engine had trembled as if uncertain what to do with its free strength; then the wheels began to turn, and the machine, making a big half circle, had struck the shed, tipped it half over, burst off the big doors and broke in the side of the wall. There Jim found it.

Friends, there is a force in your lives that is strong beyond measuring. That force, if put to the right use in the right way, will prove a blessing to you and to the world. But what are the dread consequences of throwing the throttle wide open and "letting her go"? Wreck and ruin, sorrow and death, will strewn the path of the life that is not under the hand of control. And the only safe hand on the lever is the hand of the Master of lives, the Lord Jesus Christ. Will you submit to Him?

RICH MARGARET WESLEY

"I AM so bothered over something," Tess Howard said to Ruth Alvord the second day of her visit. "You see, Margaret has asked me to spend a couple of days with her. I wouldn't hurt her for anything in the world, but I just don't see how I can go."

"Why not?" Ruth asked quietly. Tess looked at her in astonishment. "Why not? When she is as poor as a church mouse, and even a two-day guest means money! I can't very well offer to pay for my meals, can I?"

Ruth made a curious little gesture. "Oh!" she cried softly. And then, "Don't let her feel poor in friendship, Tess. There are things so great that no money can buy them, you know."

Tess's black eyes were full of tears. "When I think of the awful tragedy of Phil's death—of a tragedy like that to Margaret!"

Ruth's hand found Tess's then. "Tragedy," she said softly, "and Margaret? Why, Tess, you couldn't put those two together no matter how hard you tried! They simply won't go together."

Tess drew a long breath. "Of course I am going," she said. "I don't see how I could stand it not to see her. Only—I do so dread it, Ruth!"

She dreaded the visit still more when she

turned into the shabby street where Margaret lived. Margaret here—Margaret who had so loved the beautiful little house that Philip had been buying! Margaret who—Then she was at the door, and Margaret was drawing her in with eager welcoming hands.

She was not the same Margaret; Tess saw that at the first glance. Margaret's face showed suffering; her hands were red and roughened—and her dress! Tess wanted to cry out at sight of it. Then she looked into Margaret's eyes and could not look away from the deep shining of them.

The four boys were home from school, and dinner was waiting. It proved to be a noisy meal, but during the course of it one significant little thing happened. Young Philip asked whether his boy friends could come Friday evening and have popcorn and apples.

"You remember the budget," his mother reminded him. "We could have a party only once, and it is Don's turn."

Philip's face shadowed, but he nodded. "That's right," he said briefly.

Later when the two women were alone Margaret spoke of the incident. "Isn't it wonderful that we were left poor? You see, it is doing for the boys what years of comfortable living could not do. We work out the budget together every week and decide how many guests we can afford or what household necessary comes first. Phil bought that last week." She glanced at a cheap rug by the door. "All himself! He did some work after school to surprise me. With boys like that and Phil's love 'over there'—O Tess, I am rich!"

"Yes," Tess agreed gravely, "you are."

A DOG THAT WOULD NOT FORGIVE

"SOMETHING very strange," said the old milkman whose story a contributor reports to us, "happened at our house a few years ago. We had a fox terrier that liked to catch rats in our barn; as he always carried them away to a field that we called the hundred-acre lot, we supposed he buried them there."

"One day our cows wandered off to the lot, and the dog and I had to go and bring them back. A long way from the house we came to a rocky hill, where I noticed a number of young foxes. The dog rambled all round them, keeping a keen eye on me. After a while I looked back and saw that he was playing with them, and that they were not afraid. I was astonished. By and by the mother fox came out and saw me; thinking that I was a natural enemy she shoofed her children to cover."

"Some weeks later my nephew came up for his vacation. He and the dog had been good friends the summer before and had taken long tramps together. One day he decided to go out for early game. He called the dog, took his gun, and they were off soon after dawn."

"If the dog had known where they were going, he might not have followed so willingly; my nephew had in mind the hundred-acre lot and the nest of foxes. Soon after they reached the rocky den a fox appeared. My nephew fired, and the creature rolled over dead."

"What did the dog do? He ran to the game, smelled it, barked and then turned round and ran home. When my nephew returned the terrier would have nothing to do with him; nor would he go out with him again that year."

"What had happened? Why, simply this: my nephew had killed the dog's playfellow for whom he had caught so many rats."

"When the young man came back the next year we thought the dog would have forgotten his enmity, but no; he rejected all offers of friendship and never followed him on any of his tramps. The terrier would not forgive his former friend for the death of his playmate."

THE AVENGING LINCOLN

KINDLY as Lincoln ordinarily was, he could dispense stern punishment when justice required it. This little story, which we take from Mr. Jesse W. Weik's book the Real Lincoln, pictures an outraged and avenging Lincoln.

Not far from Hoffman's Row, in Springfield, says Mr. Weik, lived a shoemaker who was given to the rather free use of intoxicants, and who almost invariably wound up a spree by beating his wife. One day Lincoln called the fellow aside, upbraided him for his brutality and then warned him that if he ever laid violent hands on his wife again a drubbing would be administered so vigorous that he would not soon forget it. Meanwhile he apprised Evan Butler and James Matheny of his threat and invited them to join him in dealing out the requisite punishment if the offense should be repeated.

"In due time," Matheny related to me, "the contingency arose. The drunken shoemaker had forgotten Lincoln's warning. It was late at night, and we dragged the wretch to an open space behind a store building, stripped him of his shirt and tied him to a post. Then we sent for his wife and, arming her with a good stout switch, bade her 'light in' while the three of us sat on our haunches in solemn array near by to witness the execution of our judgment."

"The wife, a little reluctant at first, soon warmed up to her work and, emboldened by our encouraging and sometimes peremptory directions, performed her delicate task lustily and well. When the culprit had been sufficiently

punished, Lincoln gave the signal, 'Enough,' and he was released. We helped him on with his shirt, and he shambled ruefully toward his home. For his sake we tried to keep all knowledge of the affair from the public; but the lesson had its effect, for, if he ever again molested his wife, we never found it out."

MR. PEASLEE TELLS OF THE OBLIGING NOD HAYNES

DEACON HYNNE, having relinquished his light market basket to a cheerful-looking urchin, who immediately set off down the village street, turned through the gate into Caleb Peaslee's well-kept front yard. Caleb, shaded under the morning-glory vines that covered the east end of the front porch, was winding a broken fork handle with fishline, laying each turn with meticulous care; he held the last turn with his thumb while he looked up to greet his friend. "Set down, Hyne," he urged. "Drag that chair for'ard, will ye? I'd do it m'self, only I can't let go this pesky thing 'thout havin' it all to do over again."

The deacon brought the chair forward and sank into it with a fervent sigh, flinching only a little when his rheumatic knee felt an extra twinge.

Caleb noticed the flinch and spoke of it with ready sympathy. "I take it," he said, "from the way you favor that leg it ain't beavin' in every way as a leg ought to. It's plaguin' you a mite this mornin', ain't it?"

"Wuss'n that," admitted the deacon. "It's achin' stiddy and has all night. I wouldn't have started out only there was some things needful to be got for the house. I d'know whether I'd have been able to fetch as far down as the store or not; but I ain't got to. That Haynes boy offered to go down for me."

"Clever boy, that Noddy Haynes is!" said Caleb heartily.

"He is so!" admitted the usually cautious deacon. "I was some took back at his offerin'."

"He's like his Uncle Norris used to be as fur's being obligin' goes," observed Caleb musingly. "But he's brighter'n ever Norris was; he didn't grade much more'n fair to good when it come to brains, but this boy seems brighter'n the common run of boys—and more obligin' too. I hope," he added with a smile of remembrance, "that he won't get a setback same's his Uncle Norris did."

"Got what kind of a setback?" demanded the deacon.

"The kind that cured him of bein' so tarnal obligin'," replied Caleb, "and turned him into about as cross-grained an old back as you'd care to live in the same town with!"

"I don't know," Caleb continued thoughtfully, "that Sophrony Evans had any real notion Norris Haynes was courtin' her, and I don't know that she didn't. But she must've had plenty of idea that Windom Moore was, and so did everybody else except Norris. As I said in the beginnin' he wa'n't overly bright. It got so folks, if they had any job they hated to do themselves, would sort of praise Norris up a little and cozen him into doin' it for 'em—for nothin' mostly."

"I offered the boy five cents," said the deacon hastily, "but he wouldn't take it."

"Oh, I wasn't thinkin' of you, Hyne," said Caleb with a disclaiming gesture. "I was jest lettin' my mind go over what a ninkum-noddy Norris Haynes used to be, and how Windom Moore got him out of the way when they was both callin' on Sophrony, and Windom had made up his mind to ask her."

"I rec'lect the day as well 'sif it was any day this past week," asserted Caleb. "It was a Saturday afternoon in August, and all day the thunder pillars had been pilin' up in the northeast. I saw Windom go down and turn in at Evans's gate, and I kind of felt like snickerin' for I knew Nod Haynes was there, and I thought what a good time Windom would have if he was

ketched there in a thundershower with Nod Haynes to bother him; the old folks had gone into the city to do the week's tradin' and left Sophrony alone."

"Twa'n't more'n ten minutes after Windom went in 'fore it did start in to rain, and in five minutes more it was rainin' as hard as I ever see it. Rainin' pitchforks ain't anything; it was rainin' hossrakes and breakin'-up plows and all kinds of farmin' tools! I never see it rain harder, seem's it!"

"And in the midst of that downpour we saw the front door open and Norris come out holdin' an umbrel, and the next thing he sot a ladder agin the eaves of the house and clim' up there on to the roof; and what on earth he was doin' I couldn't guess, for there hadn't been a streak of lightnin', so we knew the house hadn't been struck. He clim' up till he was mebbe four foot from the ridgepole, and then, I swan, if he didn't set down on the roof—and there he sot, holdin' that umbrel over his head till the shower passed and the rain stopped. I jest about 'mazed myself to death, wonderin' over it!"

"But it come out in time, and when I heard it I didn't wonder that Nod Haynes quit bein' 'commodatin' any more. Seems that when the shower struck so hard and sudden the roof begun to leak, and Windom, bein' kind of a joker, told Nod it would be a clever thing for him to go up on to the roof and set on the hole and keep the rain off'n Sophrony. 'Girls like those little 'tentations,' Windom says, 'and you won't git wet much with an umbrel over you.' And so the poor gump went and did it; and while he was up there Windom found the chance he'd been waitin' for, and Sophrony said she would."

"But when Nod found out that he'd sot out on a roof through the wust shower of the summer to keep the rain off'n another feller while he popped the question to Nod's own girl,—'cordin' to his ideas,—well, as I said in the beginning, it give him a setback; I guess he never did another obligin' thing again. I never heard of it if he did."

"I don't blame him!" exclaimed the deacon. "Me nuther," agreed Caleb promptly, "but you wanted to know, and I've told you."

LOCUSTS WITH HONEY AND WITHOUT

LOCUSTS, when we think of them as food, are almost inseparable in our minds from wild honey. In Africa, where locusts are still in some localities a staple article of diet, the combination continues to be appreciated—when it can be obtained; but there are plenty of other ways of preparing and serving locusts than with honey.

That they were used in very ancient times is proved, says Food Products from Afar, by the sculptures found in the ruins of Nineveh. They were and are regarded as a luxury and are seen in the markets more often even than figs or quails. The use of the insect as food was permitted to the Jews, and locusts are still eaten in Palestine.

Our modern cooks might be puzzled how to prepare locusts for the table, but it is no problem for the natives of Arabia Petrea. The insects may be fried in sesame oil, or they may be dried, ground and used as flour for cakes. In Madagascar they are baked in jars, then fried in grease and eaten with rice. In Algeria locusts are boiled and salted. Among the Arabs of various localities they are ground, baked, roasted or eaten with camel's cheese and dates. The last mixture would not be so bad in the eyes of the dietitian, as it contains a fair proportion of protein, carbohydrates and fats; it is indeed concentrated nourishment. In southern Russia locusts are smoked like fish. Their flavor is said to be strong when they are raw but mild and agreeable when they are cooked. The broth made from locusts has a taste similar to chicken broth.

Nevertheless, everyone will agree that in America the taste for locusts would have to be acquired. We have none of us acquired it yet; nor has it yet been shown that any of our locust-loving immigrants have imported their favorite dainty. But some queer edibles are certainly sent for and consumed in these United States by foreigners homesick for their accustomed foods. Among them are included oysters dried and coated with lime; mummified duck eggs, which, when the shells are removed, disclose a small, greenish marble of most unappetizing appearance; various animals preserved in strange, spiced wines, of which dogs and rats pickled whole are the most frequent; and cases of rice worms rolled out into thin flakes and dried.

We eat the flesh of mammals, and we do not eat insects; nevertheless, if we were offered the choice between pickled rat and locust with honey few of us would hesitate long which to take.

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

THE American Indian has many strange customs, but none is stranger than his habit of opening the stomachs of the animals that he kills. In at least one instance that curious custom has been the means of saving human life.

In 1899 the government sent a military exploring expedition into the wilds of Alaska for the purpose of finding an all-American overland route from Cook Inlet to Fort Gibbon on the Yukon. Six white men under the command of a lieutenant of cavalry started with two Indian

THE TREASURE



—G. B. Studdy in the Sketch.

THE hand processes—seven of them—by which every single Spencerian Pen is carefully fashioned, are what make Spencerian Pens so long lived, so uniform in quality and so perfect in their writing points. We might add that this same individual care has made them the standard for over half a century. *At all good dealers.*

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway New York

Spencerian Personal Steel Pens

Send 10 cents for ten different sample pens and that fascinating 32-page book, "What Your Hand Writing Reveals." Then pick your style.



Fine, Medium,
Stub and
Dome pointed

After Every Meal

WRIGLEY'S

and give your stomach a lift.

Provides "the bit of sweet" in beneficial form.

Helps to cleanse the teeth and keep them healthy.

guides; but the Indians, skilled hunters and trappers though they were, proved worthless because traditions and tribal customs kept them from going beyond certain known territory. When made to understand that the object of the expedition was to seek a pass over the divide along the Yentna River they declared that the Yentna headed to impassable glaciers, and they refused to go farther.

But the white men would not admit defeat. After numerous reconnaissances the party set forth into a country full of unknown dangers. After weeks of hardship and many narrow escapes from death they reached a place high on the bleak slopes of the Alaskan Range in the Mount McKinley region. They had traveled more than one hundred miles through a country that no white man had ever set foot in before. Game was scarce, and rations were reduced to a little rice, some evaporated potatoes and the last of their bacon. Weakened by prolonged exertion and exposure and lack of adequate food, they cached their supplies and made camp for the night. Their situation was desperate. Light snow had fallen that day, and as they lay round their camp fire they thought with dread of possible blizzards.

Some time in the darkest hours a commotion rose in the direction of their cache among the picketed horses. All hands awoke at once and sat bolt upright, listening; but whatever had caused the disturbance soon departed, the horses quieted down, and all was still.

The following morning one of the men came running wildly back from the cache, "A bear! A bear has eaten all the bacon!" he cried.

Their situation was now more alarming than ever. Of course they could kill the horses for food, but then how could the party get out? Fortunately the bear had overlooked the rice and the evaporated potatoes.

The next morning one of the men pointed down the mountain. All looked and saw an Indian with a horse toiling up over the broken ground. As he drew near they noticed that the horse carried on his back a large bear.

The Indian told an amazing story. While hunting he had come upon fresh bear tracks in the snow. He had followed them to a den and, entering, had killed the bear with a shot from his rifle. Indian fashion he had opened the stomach and found—bacon! He knew that that could mean only one thing: white men were in the vicinity. So he had taken the bear's back track and found the party.

The red man guided them to an Indian village, where they rested after their terrible ordeal. Some time later they reached their destination in safety. A shrewd Indian and a thieving bear had saved their lives.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN JAPAN

THE Japanese do not climb mountains for the fun of the thing. When you find a Japanese making the ascent of Fuji he is probably a pilgrim performing a pious duty. Many years ago in early spring, says Mr. Walter Weston in the National Geographic Magazine, I climbed the sacred mountain with two Cambridge friends. The village priests and policemen had warned us that the anger of the goddess of the mountain at such an untimely intrusion would surely make itself felt; for she was not "at home" to visitors except in the depth of summer.

As an actual fact we had advanced only a short distance when the weather changed, a typhoon burst upon us, and we were imprisoned for three days in our bivouac halfway up the mountain. However, after the storm came sunshine and with it a successful ascent.

We did not see our village friends again, but their kindly solicitude soon rendered us the objects of public concern, and the "foreign" newspapers forthwith honored us with the following obituary notice, translated from a well-known Japanese journal:

"The foreigners who started to ascend Fuji with two coolies have not since been heard of. The mountain is still covered with snow, and as the summit was hidden in clouds the visitors were urged to postpone the attempt. But these foreigners were determined to go. A few hours afterwards the storm burst, dislodging huge boulders and house roofs. As nothing has since been heard of them, it is feared they have succumbed to the fury of the gale. Even had they taken shelter cold and starvation must long since have rendered them helpless. Their nationality is unknown, but we surmise that they are British for the reason that the people of that nation like to do that which is distasteful to them and glory in their vigor!"

A HAUGHTY CAPITALIST

THE laboring man of seventy years ago was pretty well satisfied. Labor troubles in this country were almost unheard of then, though at infrequent intervals an employee would find a grievance against his employer. That of the machinist whom Mr. A. B. Farquhar tells of in his book *The First Million the Hardest* is certainly amusing, viewed at this date.

One afternoon, says Mr. Farquhar, a machinist came to us in high dudgeon from another shop and asked for a job. We wanted to know of course why he had left his old place.

"It was this way," he said. "The boss was out walking with a lady the other night, and I passed him and said, 'How do you do, Harry?' And the next day he came around to me and said, 'When I am out walking with a lady in the evening I don't want you to speak to me.' I won't work for a man who acts that way!"

Baseball Outfits

500 U.P.S. COUPONS

200 U.P.S. COUPONS

700 U.P.S. COUPONS

175 U.P.S. COUPONS

350 U.P.S. COUPONS

HERE'S EVERYTHING you need to equip your baseball club. You and the other boys can get it without spending a penny. All you need to do is to save United Profit-Sharing coupons and use them to obtain the outfit with. Just see from the pictures how complete the outfit is and what splendid things we have.

The best part of it is that we are able to give you this for only a small number of coupons. Ask Father and Mother to save the coupons they get with United Cigars, leading brands of Chewing Gum, Candies, Grocery Products, Soaps, etc. You save all the United Profit-Sharing Coupons you can find—ask your friends for those they have—and all of this outfit, or as much of it as you wish, will be yours in a short time.

Write today for United Profit-Sharing Corporation Catalogue, which shows a great variety of articles for men, women and children, given in exchange for our coupons.

This catalogue tells you the products and the manufacturers who pack United Profit-Sharing Corporation coupons with their goods.

Write today—the catalogue is free.



UNITED PROFIT-SHARING CORPORATION
Redemption Agent, 44 W. 18th St., New York City



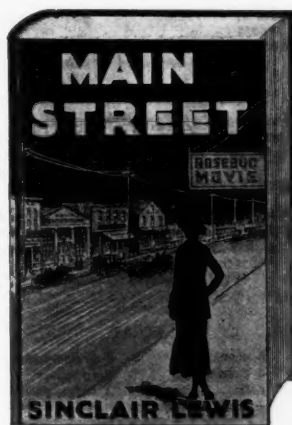
350 U.P.S. COUPONS

1500 U.P.S. COUPONS

1125 U.P.S. COUPONS

1125 U.P.S. COUPONS

1700 U.P.S. COUPONS



MAIN STREET By SINCLAIR LEWIS

LIVING in a small town is a very different thing from looking back on it—the small town of our youth didn't bother us with its incessant gossip; we weren't worth gossiping about at that age. But for adults—Sinclair Lewis tells just what Main Street did to an eager girl who went from a happily inconspicuous city life to live the fish-bowl existence of a doctor's wife in a small town where her every movement is commented upon, every lightly spoken word remembered, every timid suggestion for the beautifying of Main Street ridiculed. Only in the end does she learn the great secret of life in being content with a

real world in which it is never possible to create an ideal setting. The problems of ten million people in ten thousand real towns are here expressed—the people who are fighting to transform the Main Streets of America.

Offer No. 1 Send us \$1.25 for one new six months' (26 issues) subscription for *The Youth's Companion* and 25c. extra, and we will send you postpaid a copy of *Main Street*.

Offer No. 2 Send us \$2.50 with one new yearly (52 issues) subscription for *The Youth's Companion*, and we will send you postpaid a copy of *Main Street*. The book may be purchased separately for 85c., delivered anywhere in the United States.

NOTE: This book is given only to a present *Companion* subscriber to pay him for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past year.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

Nervous Headache

THE THROBBING PAIN of a nervous headache is quickly relieved by frequently rubbing the temples with

Mentholatum

Always made under this signature

Its soothing coolness brings relief and is wonderfully refreshing.

Cuts, burns and bruises are gently and antiseptically healed by Mentholatum—good for tired feet, too, and other "little ills."

Mentholatum is sold everywhere in tubes, 25c; jars, 25c, 50c.

The Mentholatum Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Wichita, Kans. Bridgeburg, Ont.



FREE
Try one at
our expense

"Linene" Reversible Collars are not paper, celluloid or rubber. Both sides are alike, of fine cotton cloth with stylish, starch finish. When one side is soiled, reverse, and you have a brand new collar. You save money because by wearing both sides, these Reversible Collars cost less than laundry, and stay clean twice as long as more expensive collars. Hundreds of thousands of men wear Linene collars because they are the most economical, and the most comfortable stylish collars on the market.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Let us prove these statements to you, at our expense. Just state your size and send 2 cents in U. S. stamps for postage, and without obligation we'll send you a free sample. Try them once—nothing else will do. Ask for your collar now.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY
112 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Dept. N



WANTED! Franklin Institute
Dept. R234, Rochester, N. Y.
Sirs: Send me, without charge: (1) sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions; (2) list of Government jobs obtainable; (3) tell me how I can get a position.
Name.....
Address.....
Date.....
18 to 35

THROW YOUR VOICE

Under the table, into a Trunk, down Cellar or anywhere. Our lessons in VENTRILOQUISM teaches you. With our VENTRILO (fits in the mouth and cannot be seen) you imitate Birds, Animals, etc., without moving your lips. This outfit and book of JOKES by mail for 10 cents.
UNIVERSAL DIST.,
Box 766, Stamford, Ct.



THE COMPANION RECEIPTS

These receipts are gathered from original sources in America, Europe and Asia and are fully tested under the supervision of The Companion

AN EVER READY SALAD DRESSING

EVERY housewife will appreciate a trustworthy receipt for a foundation salad dressing that will keep fresh for several weeks and that requires only the addition of one or another readily procured group of ingredients to make it suitable to serve with a vegetable, meat, fruit or fish salad. Here is the receipt for such a dressing and the directions to make it adaptable to the various kinds of salad:

THE FOUNDATION MIXTURE

4 tablespoonfuls of flour
1/2 cupful of butter
1/2 cupful of vinegar
1 pint of rich milk
1/2 tablespoonful of salt
1/2 tablespoonful of sugar
1/2 teaspoonful of white pepper
2 well-beaten eggs

Sift together the flour, the salt, the sugar and the pepper. Place the butter in a porcelain saucepan and soften it over mild heat; do not let it boil. Stir into it the flour, the salt, the sugar and the pepper and when the mixture is smooth slowly add the milk and stir the whole until it boils. Add the vinegar, stir the mixture quickly and immediately beat in the beaten eggs. Cook the whole until the eggs are just set, then while it is hot pour it into small jars. Cover the jars tight and when the mixture is cool place them in the refrigerator. The dressing will remain sweet for three or four weeks.

In using the foundation mixture with various salads in each case add the quantities given below to every cupful of the foundation mixture.

WITH VEGETABLE SALAD

2 tablespoonfuls of olive oil
1 tablespoonful of lemon juice
a dash of paprika

Beat or stir the above into the foundation mixture. For lettuce and other plain salads use the simple foundation mixture.

WITH CHICKEN OR WHITEFISH SALAD

beaten white of 1 egg
1 tablespoonful of lemon juice

Beat that into the foundation mixture. Chopped ripe or salted olives are also desirable additions. If you wish, substitute for the lemon juice flavored vinegar, such as tarragon or chervil.

WITH ALL FRUIT SALADS

1 cupful of whipped cream
2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice or 1/4 cupful of juice from any kind of canned fruit

WITH LAMB OR VEAL SALAD

1 tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce or tomato catchup or 2 teaspoonfuls of chili sauce
1/2 to 1 teaspoonful of dry mustard

WITH LOBSTER OR SALMON SALAD

1/4 cupful of vinegar, or 1/4 cupful of capers, or 1/4 cupful of fine-chopped pickles, or 1/2 cupful of grated sour apple with a few grains of cayenne pepper
1 teaspoonful of mustard

PILAU

6 cloves
4 cardamoms
salt
2 pounds of chicken or of lean mutton
3 large tablespoonfuls of butter
1 small stick of cinnamon
3 cupfuls of rice that has been washed in several waters

Tie the cloves, the peppercorns, the cinnamon and the cardamoms in a cloth. Cut the meat into strips—each strip about an inch thick—and place them in a pot with the spices. Cover the whole with cold water, place it on the stove and let it simmer long enough to make a fairly strong broth. That will take two hours or more. Remove the meat and the spices and take the broth from the fire. Place the butter in a deep frying pan, slice the onion into it and let it brown. Add the meat, fry it until it is brown, then add the rice and fry the whole, stirring it constantly, for ten minutes, or until the rice begins to look transparent at the edges. Add the broth, season the whole with salt and cook it for half or three quarters of an hour, when the rice will be soft and the water will have evaporated. Among Mohammedans pilau is a favorite dish.



French Compound Microscope

This microscope has three objectives, and is designed for the examination of minute objects. The instrument is brass, 6 inches high, finely finished and lacquered, and has an eyepiece in a sliding tube 4 1/2 inches long, and a condensing mirror.

The combined magnifying power of the three objectives is 4245 times. The instrument is inclosed in a polished hardwood box, and furnished with 1 prepared object, 2 glass slips and 1 pair brass forceps. We also include a booklet on the proper use of the microscope.

OUR OFFER Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription for The Youth's Companion with \$1.90 extra and we will present you with the microscope described, or it may be purchased for \$4.00. In either case we deliver free to any post office in the United States.



Rubber Poncho Blanket

This is a rubber blanket 45 x 72 inches with opening in the centre, that may be worn as a garment for protection against rain, or may be used as a blanket to keep off dampness when sleeping on the ground. A useful and necessary article for boy scouts and sportsmen.

OUR OFFER Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription for The Youth's Companion with \$1.00 extra and we will present you with the poncho described, or it may be purchased for \$2.50. In either case it must be sent by parcel post at receiver's expense. Ask your postmaster how much postage to send for a 3-lb. package.



French Achromatic Telescope

This is an efficient instrument of good optical qualities. While not intended for astronomical study, it is powerful enough, if steadily held, to show the larger moons of Jupiter, and will clearly show all the larger mountain ranges, craters and "seas" on our moon. The six lenses are achromatic, and made of fine French optical glass. They give a magnifying power of 12 diameters.



Length, when closed, 6 inches; extended, 16 inches. The tubes are brass, polished and lacquered. The body is covered with French morocco. This telescope is of an unusually high grade, and should not be confounded with instruments of inferior construction. Upon the attractive terms of our offer it is one of our most desirable Premiums.

OUR OFFER Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription for The Youth's Companion with \$2.15 extra and we will present you with the telescope described, or it may be purchased for \$4.50. In either case we deliver free to any post office in the United States.

Pathfinder Compass Watch

The Pathfinder Watch, 14-size model, has a nickel-plated case, open face, Arabic dial, "pull out" stem set, red minute numerals around outer margin, unbreakable crystal, and is a good time-keeper. A compass in the top of the crown adds greatly to the usefulness of the watch.



OUR OFFER Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription for The Youth's Companion with 30 cents extra and we will present you with the watch described, or it may be purchased for \$1.75. In either case we deliver free to any post office in the United States.

Scout Mess Kit

This mess kit is a practical outfit designed for the use of hunters, fishermen, boy scouts and hikers.

The kit consists of a frying pan, kettle for stews or coffee, cup and grid. The grid is a folding rack with legs which thrust into the ground. All the utensils have detachable handles.

The pieces when nested measure but 8 x 4 1/2 x 2 1/4 inches, weigh but 1 1/2 lbs. and slip easily into a coat pocket.

OUR OFFER Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription for The Youth's Companion with 60 cents extra and we will present you with the mess kit described, or it may be purchased for \$2.00. In either case we deliver free to any post office in the United States.



Scout Knife

This is a combination jackknife, screw driver, leather punch, can opener, tack lifter, cap lifter. Has best English crucible steel blades, patent staghorn handle, nickel-silver bolsters, name plate and shackle, and is brass lined. The uses to which this handy knife may be put are legion. It really combines four useful tools and a jackknife all in one. By opening the proper blade, it becomes in turn a jackknife, screw driver, leather punch, can opener, tack lifter, cap lifter.



OUR OFFER Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription for The Youth's Companion with 25 cents extra and we will present you with the Scout Knife described, or it may be purchased for \$1.50. In either case we deliver free to any post office in the United States.

NOTE. The articles offered are given only to a present Companion subscriber to pay him for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past year.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Its subscription price is \$1.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

Renewal Payment should be sent directly to this office and receipt will be acknowledged by change in the expiration date following the subscriber's address on the margin of the paper. Payment to a stranger is made at the risk of the subscriber.

Remittances should be made by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft. No other way by mail is safe.

Always give the name of the Post Office to which your paper is sent. In asking for change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Manuscripts offered for publication should, in every case, be addressed to The Editors. A personal address delays consideration of them.

Letters should be addressed and orders made payable to
FERRY MASON COMPANY
The Youth's Companion
Commonwealth Avenue and St. Paul Street, Boston, Mass.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

INFANTILE paralysis is an acute infectious disease, mostly of childhood, that occurs both in epidemics and in isolated instances. The majority of victims are children five years of age or younger, though older children and even adults may be attacked. The disease belongs to the same class as the other infectious diseases of childhood—scarlet fever, measles and the rest; the difference in symptoms—the paralysis and the rest—is owing to the fact that the virus is situated in the spinal cord and the brain. The disease is spread through propinquity or perhaps through the intermediary of insect carriers; that the disease occurs chiefly during the summer months, from the 1st of May to the 1st of October, suggests insect carriers. It is thought that the virus is contained also in the secretions of the nose and throat, and that the nose and throat are also the portals of entry for the germ, though that theory has not been definitely proved.

The disease begins suddenly with fever, headache, often nausea or vomiting and diarrhoea, sometimes sore throat and other catarrhal symptoms, pain on moving the legs and neck, a peculiar sensitiveness of the skin to touch and profuse perspiration. The little patient is somnolent, but when aroused is petulant and cries. In spite of the name of the disease, the paralysis does not always occur, but it is a usual symptom and is noticed from three days to a week after the child has fallen ill. It may attack any of the muscles of the body, sometimes one, sometimes many, even almost the entire body. Usually the paralysis is of the flaccid form, but sometimes, though rarely, it is more or less rigid or spasmodic.

Recovery is uncertain; in epidemics many deaths occur, but in the sporadic cases death is less common. Complete recovery from the paralysis is rare, though the affliction usually decreases more or less in the course of weeks or months even when not treated.

There is no curative treatment; only the general care should be observed that is usual in all cases of fever, and the patient should be watched to guard against complications like pneumonia. The paralysis must later on be treated by electricity and massage, with exercises in appropriate instances. The treatment should be followed for a long time, for improvement in the weakened muscles can often be obtained even after many months.

WHITE ELEPHANTS' EXCHANGE

"I HAVE it at last!" Louise Ellis's puzzled brow cleared. "I couldn't think what made the room look so different. Why, both your old Chinese vases are gone! Where have you put them?"

"In the attic," Joyce Mallory replied triumphantly.

"In the attic! Those gorgeous old things!" "Precisely. They have disturbed the harmony of my household too long. They have kept the rest of my *lures* and *penates* in a perpetual state of irritation, since they are Indian red and blue and my room is brown and gold and green. And the other day I decided that it was perfectly absurd to keep on being irritated."

"But your great-grandfather brought the vases from China!" said Louise.

"True. But I never saw my great-grandfather in my life," replied Joyce. "Doubtless my great-grandmother loved them, or, if not, at least she loved her husband, and that love led her to tolerate his acquisitions. Her daughter cherished them as the apple of her eye. My mother hated them, but she had known great-grandfather. That brings it down to my generation, where I consider that the obligation ends."

"Shall you leave them in your attic?" "For the present, until I can think of something better to do with them. Doubtless they will be valuable in tableaux to give an Oriental atmosphere, though I doubt if any true Oriental would acknowledge them. They were probably made to sell to gullible foreigners."

"You shan't!" Louise declared firmly. "If it is right for you to put them away when you hate them, it is right for me to ask to buy them when I have envied you them all my life."

"Louise Ellis, you haven't any such thing!" "Yes, I have, ever since I first saw them!" "Take them; do take them! You will be doing

me the greatest favor of my life. I could even promise to take your biggest white elephant off your hands if I could hope to give you half as great relief."

"That would be about a dozen colored handkerchiefs. I can't bear colored handkerchiefs, and all my cousins far and near deluge me with them, all embroidered with exquisite roses and things."

The two looked at each other; then they began to laugh. "Gone, two Chinese vases for half a dozen embroidered handkerchiefs, assorted shades!" exclaimed Joyce. "What geese we were not to do it before. Any more white elephants?"

"I'm going to look over my menagerie," Louise retorted. "You shall have first choice."

BLUE SERGE AND A BABY

ABISHOP of Georgia and his wife were giving a reception to the clergy and their wives who were attending the annual council. Some of the women whose husbands were in charge of big city churches were "showing off" their most elaborate gowns, and some of those whose husbands shepherded the smaller flocks in the villages and in the country were doing their best to "keep up" with the city ladies.

One little woman whose husband had one of the poorest parishes in the diocese had only one suit—a blue serge; she had worn it at every session of the council as well as on every social occasion. The suit was much too heavy for the time of year and was sadly rumpled as a result of the wriggling of a restless baby. When she came slowly up the steps carrying her baby and dressed in her dark suit, which in contrast with the elaborate gowns of the other ladies and also with her baby's freshly laundered little frock looked more crumpled and worn than ever, she seemed to invite pity.

But there was no need of pity. Seeing the young woman, the bishop left his place in the receiving line to greet her. Having done that, he took the baby from her, and soon the child was the centre of an admiring throng of well-dressed women. The mother's face was bright with joy over the attention that her little one was receiving; the tired lines that had shown plainly round her mouth vanished, and a little while later she was smiling happily as she and her husband left the reception.

A PIONEER'S LETTER

INFORMATION of Lincoln's boyhood was what William Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, wanted when he communicated with Dennis Hanks, a pioneer in Indiana and a distant relative of the great man's. Hanks's reply to some of Herndon's questions—so we learn from Mr. Jesse W. Weik's *The Real Lincoln*—not only faithfully portrays the life of Indiana when Lincoln lived there but shows the old pioneer's accurate memory and dry humor. We quote:

Dec. 24, 1865
you speak of my Letter written with a pencil, the Reason of this was my Ink was froze.

part first, we ust to play 4 Corner Bull pen and what we cald cat. I No that you No what it is and throwing a mail over our Sholders Backwards, hopping and half hamen, Resling and so on.

2nd what Religious Songs. The only Song Book was Dupees old Song Book. I Recollect Very well 2 Songs that we ust to Sing, that was

"O, when shall I see Jesus and Rain with him aBove," the next was "How teagueous and tasteless the hour when Jesus No Longer I see."

I have tried to find one of these Books But cant find it. It was a Book used by the old predestinarian Baptists in 1820, this is my Recollection About it at this time. we Never had any other

the next was in the fields
"Hail Columbia Happy Land" and "the turpen turk that Scorns the world and Struts aBout with his whiskers Curld for No other man But himself to See" and all such as this. Abe youst to try to Sing pore old Ned But he Never could Sing Much.

SERMONS THAT FIZZ AND CRACK

AGOOD and tactful man was Mr. Haslam, a parson of Norwich, England. Once, says the Rev. W. S. Rainsford in his *Story of a Varied Life*, a neighboring cleric asked the parson to take a mission in his church for ten days. Mr. Haslam filled the old church.

When he was going back his host said, "How is it you get the people? I work hard. I visit regularly. I write my sermons carefully. And the people go to sleep and stay asleep!"

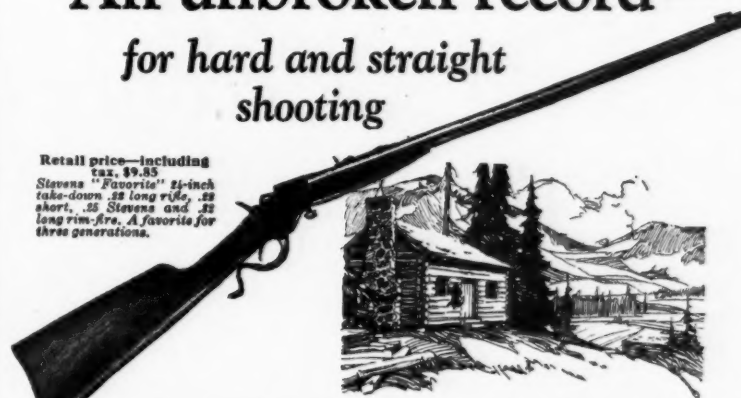
"I'll tell you," replied Mr. Haslam. "Your pulpit stands at the head of the aisle facing the entrance door. You take your sermon; you go into the pulpit. You read it out carefully, and it is like yourself, so straight and so orderly that it goes straight down the aisle and out the big door. My poor sermons, well—they aren't like sermons at all. A sermon of mine is just like a firecracker. It goes first in one direction and then in another. It fizzes and cracks in this pew and jumps into that. No man can tell when it may catch him. So they all stay awake."

LOOK OUT, HERE COMES EDDIE!

"**E**DDIE" said the father to a young son found coasting in the street, "do you look out for the automobiles?" "No," replied Eddie cheerfully, "they have to look out for themselves."

An unbroken record— for hard and straight shooting

Retail price—including tax, \$9.95
Stevens "Favorite" .22-inch take-down .22 long rifle, .22 short, .22 Stevens and .22 long rim-fire. A favorite for three generations.



When a Stevens barrel is bored or drilled, the final cutting removes less than one-half of a thousandth of an inch. Slow work—but it gives lasting accuracy.

And the same painstaking care is given to every detail—once you get the feel of a Stevens, you will hate to lay it down.

From buttplate to muzzle nothing has been left undone to make every Stevens firearm thoroughly good-looking and durable.

Finally—the prices. Little short of amazing are the Stevens prices. You can't do better anywhere. And the

same low prices throughout the Stevens line. Ask at your dealer's or write for the interesting catalog describing the Stevens complete line of rifles and shotguns.

J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY
Dept. 604 Chicopee Falls, Mass.
(Owned and operated by the
Savage Arms Corporation.)



Retail price—including tax, \$15.00
Stevens "Visible Loading." An accurate .22 Cal. Repeater. You know when it is loaded, and you know when it is empty.

Stevens W. L. DOUGLAS

NAME AND PORTRAIT is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality, style and workmanship at the lowest possible cost.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world

BECAUSE W. L. Douglas for forty-six years has been making surpassingly good shoes. The smart styles are the leaders everywhere. When you need shoes and are looking for the best shoes for your money examine W. L. Douglas \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes. They are exceptionally good value for the price. Wear them and save money.

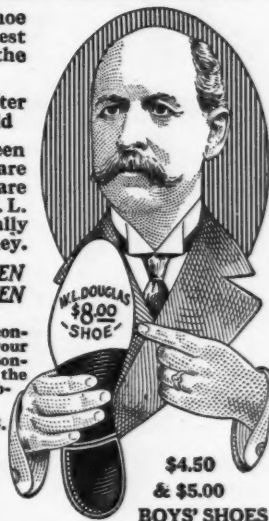
\$5. \$6. \$7. \$8. & \$9. SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN

NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. If not convenient to call at one of our 116 stores in the large cities, ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. Protection against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the name and price stamped on the sole of every pair before the shoes leave the factory. Refuse substitutes. The prices are the same everywhere.

IF NOT FOR SALE IN YOUR VICINITY WRITE FOR CATALOG.

TO MERCHANTS: If no dealer in your town handles W. L. Douglas shoes, write today for exclusive rights to handle this quick-selling, quick turn-over line.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.
157 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.



\$4.50
& \$5.00
BOYS' SHOES

Stop Using a Truss



STUART'S PLAPAO pads are different from the truss, being mechanical-chemico applicators made self-adhesive, purposely to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or spring attached—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the public bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work—most obstinate cases conquered.

Soft as velvet—easy to apply—Inexpensive. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Process of recovery is natural, so afterwards no further use for trusses. We prove it by sending Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE.

Write name on Coupon and send TODAY, FREE.

PLAPAO CO., 977 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Name.....
Address.....
Return mail will bring Free Trial Plapao

BOX OF SEEDS—10c



This is a Wonderful Box of Seeds and will produce bushels of Vegetables, Fruits and Flowers.

The following 10 Packets of Seeds will be mailed to any address for only 10c.
1 Pkt. (300 seeds) Cabbage—60-day—Produced heads in 60 days.
" " (100 ") Lettuce—Earliest or 12-day—Record breaker.
" " (100 ") Radish—Red Bird—Earliest of all radishes.
" " (100 ") Vegetable Peas—Fine for preserving.
" " (100 ") Turnip—6 Wks. or 8 Wks.—Quickest grower.
" " (100 ") Tomato—Early Tree—best of all Early growers.
" " (50 ") Garden Peas—Fruits in 4 months from seed—good for Preserves and Pickles.
" " (50 ") Aster—Bouquet—1 plant is a gorgeous bouquet.
" " (1000 ") Poppy—Firefly—Most gorgeous poppies grown.
" " (2000 ") Flowers—21 varieties—Greatest mixture—Wonderful colors.

I Guarantee you will be more than pleased. New 1923 Seed Book of the best Vegetable and Flower seeds, many Novelties in Colors, free to all. Order today.
F. B. MILLS, Seed Grower, Box 40, ROSE HILL, N. Y.

Wear silk economically? Yes!

But first consider this safety test

MANY WOMEN resist the temptation to own the garments of their hearts' desire, not because they cannot afford the first cost, but because they are afraid of what may happen to such garments in the washing process.

But the problem of washing delicate georgette, crêpe de chine, chiffon—yes, and the finer woolsens, too, like the sweater in the picture—difficult as it is, has been solved for countless women by a simple test. This test may be applied to all soaps offered for this purpose, whatever their form. Though easy as adding one plus one, this test has provided a really sound basis for the selection of safe soap.

Those who apply this thought to Ivory Flakes need seek no further.

Why? Because Ivory Flakes is simply Ivory Soap—the same fine white soap which for two generations has befriended the faces of millions of women—now prepared in petal-thin flakes for the wash-bowl laundering of the most delicate fabrics.

The same gentle cleansing properties, purity and mildness of Ivory Soap are found in Ivory Flakes—without change.

A teaspoonful of Ivory Flakes, instant suds; a few moments of dipping and squeezing, and this gentle cleansing agent has done its work—safely and surely.

Economical enough for any kind of laundering, Ivory Flakes has a real margin of safety for the most precious garments you own.

May we send you the free sample and booklet pictured in the lower right-hand corner? A postcard will bring them.

The full-size package of Ivory Flakes may be had at grocery and department stores.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Here is the test:

Ask yourself:

Would I be willing to use this soap on my face?

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

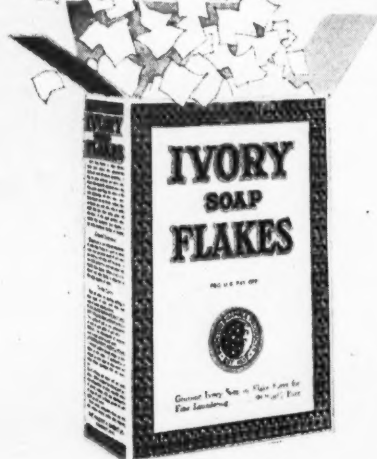
Makes dainty clothes last longer



SHETLAND WOOL
*As difficult to wash safely
as chiffon*

This delicate sweater of gray Shetland wool, with its stripes of old blue and rose, has been washed 11 times with Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water. "It is still as soft and fluffy, its delicate colors as fresh, and its shape as true as when I bought it," says its wearer's letter. "Hard rubbing or washing with harsh soap would have ruined it."

(Garment with owner's letter on file in Procter & Gamble offices.)



FREE

This package and booklet

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 36-DF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.

